

The Outlook

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ITS USE IS A FINE HABIT—ITS COST BUT A TRIFLE

The Outlook

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904

A Great Sea Battle It has long been predicted that when the fall of Port Arthur seemed imminent the Russian squadron under Admiral Wittsoeft would come out to fight Admiral Togo, and make a desperate effort to break his line and join the Vladivostok squadron. On Wednesday of last week the attempt was made—forced, it is said, by the fact that Japanese land batteries in the positions lately gained at the Wolf Hills were able to throw shells directly at the Russian ships in the harbor. This naval sortie resulted disastrously; not, indeed, in the total destruction of the emerging vessels, as at Santiago, but in total failure to accomplish the object sought, in the death of Admiral Wittsoeft, the wrecking of his flagship, the *Czarevich*, with a heavy loss of her crew (variously estimated at from 60 to 270 killed and wounded), the separation of several cruisers and smaller craft from the squadron, and the retreat to Port Arthur of the rest of the ships—several, the Japanese claim, in a seriously injured condition. Just what injuries the Japanese ships suffered in this naval battle is not known; it was rumored that one cruiser was sunk, but this has not been confirmed as we write, and Admiral Togo asserts that the injuries to the ships proved capable of immediate temporary repair. The Japanese report their total of killed and wounded at 174. The Russian squadron consisted of six battle-ships, four cruisers, and eight torpedo craft; the Japanese were weaker in battle-ships (six) but much stronger in cruisers (eleven) and in torpedo craft. The sortie was made at nine o'clock in the morning, and fighting continued until the fall of night. The Russian ships tried to break a way of escape where the enemy seemed less concentrated, and in part succeeded, but Admiral Togo seems to have attacked the Russian battle-ships furiously with

his whole force of cruisers and torpedo-boats, holding his big battle-ships in reserve, and paying comparatively little attention to the Russian cruisers. His report claims that five Russian battle-ships were injured seriously, the worst hit being the *Retvizan* and *Pobieda*, both of which have been injured in former fights and repaired. It is doubtful whether conditions at Port Arthur will now admit of the injured ships being put again on a fighting basis, to say nothing of the danger to them from Japanese batteries. If Port Arthur falls, the ships will probably be destroyed by the Russians. The sore-wounded battle-ship *Czarevich*, with the dead Russian commander-in-chief on board and with scores of men dying, riddled and blood-stained, succeeded in reaching Tsinchau, a port in the German concession Kiaochau. With her were the cruiser *Novik* and a destroyer. The *Novik* next day sailed by direction of the German authorities, and, some reports say, has since been sunk. The *Czarevich* is to be dismantled. The cruiser *Askold*, also with a destroyer, reached Shanghai, far to the south, and demanded the privilege of repair. She has been ordered to depart by China. Thus with Germany and China important questions of the rights of belligerents in neutral ports are raised. The accepted rule is that a war-vessel belonging to a belligerent must not stay in a neutral port more than twenty-four hours, nor be allowed more coal than enough to take her to her own nearest port, nor be allowed delay for repairs, except as needed to put her in a reasonably seaworthy condition. If she cannot or will not comply with these conditions, she must be disarmed and dismantled to the satisfaction of the neutral nation, and remain in the charge of that nation to the end of the war. Germany, in ordering out the *Novik*, showed an in-

tention to enforce the law. Russia seems inclined, naturally, to ask for a liberal interpretation, especially of the right to make repairs. Serious questions may arise from the difficult situations involved.



**A Violation of
Neutrality?**

Already, indeed, such a question has arisen at Chefoo, and though it concerns only a small vessel, the issue is a grave one. On the face of the facts, Japan, through over-zealous officers, has committed a serious offense against China; and as Japanese policy in this war has been to conciliate China, and to observe strictly the wish expressed at Secretary Hay's initiative by the Powers that the war be restricted to defined limits and Chinese neutrality be observed, it seems just that Japan should make reparation and apology. The facts seem to be these: a Russian destroyer, the Ryeshitelni, reached Chefoo after the battle, probably with despatches, and with crippled engines. Her commander, the Russians say, at once saw the Chinese authorities, agreed to disarm and dismantle, and actually did remove parts of her guns and engines, and lowered her flag, all to the satisfaction of the Chefoo officials. But two Japanese destroyers followed her into the harbor, and their officers boarded her—they say—to satisfy themselves that she was honestly observing the rules of neutrality and not planning to escape. Note that this is no defense whatever; the Ryeshitelni was under Chinese authority, and inviolable; any complaints or representations on the part of the Japanese should have been made to the Chinese port officials. The Russians rightly resented the action of the Japanese; a fight ensued; the Russian officers gave orders to blow up the ship, but the attempt failed; several of the Japanese were killed; in the end the Japanese seized the Russian boat, towed it out of Chefoo, and disappeared with it. The Japanese statement of this "cutting out" of an enemy's craft in a neutral harbor does not differ substantially from this account, but declares that the Russians causelessly forced the fight.

**Japan's Second
Sea Victory**

Following the defeat, retreat, and dispersal of the Port Arthur squadron came the equally crushing defeat of the Vladivostok squadron by Admiral Kamimura in the Strait of Korea. Three of the four fine Russian cruisers which have been at Vladivostok and have gained such renown in their raids from that place came south, evidently with preconceived design to meet the Port Arthur squadron. On Sunday morning they were encountered and attacked by a squadron of light cruisers under Admiral Kamimura. The ensuing battle off Tsu Island lasted, the Tokyo reports state, for five hours. The Russian armored cruiser Rurik, one of the most formidable vessels left to Russia, was destroyed, and the other two cruisers fled, badly injured according to the Japanese reports, back to Vladivostok. Thus Japan's naval supremacy in the East, long since assured, has now become so complete that Russia's possibility of naval action is practically nonexistent. The repeated reports from St. Petersburg that Russia's Baltic fleet was about to sail, or would sail at some future fixed time, for the East, have never received entire credence. Though the Baltic fleet is numerous, it is not composed of the best modern war-ships, and it seems, now at least, highly improbable that it could make the long journey to the East, with the necessary fleet of colliers, and encounter with any hope of success, and without assistance, the Japanese naval power, which is practically unimpaired. Meanwhile, the Japanese are drawing closer their circle of fire about Port Arthur, and a final general assault may be expected at any time, and on Monday of this week was reported in progress. Indeed, it is beginning to be asked whether it is not Russia's duty, for the sake of humanity, to surrender Port Arthur. If it be true, as is at least indicated by reports from St. Petersburg and by the naval sortie from Port Arthur, that the fall of Port Arthur is inevitable, Russia may well ask whether the gain from a desperate resistance to the last can compensate for the enormous loss of life which must follow the final assault.

An Heir to the Czar

The birth of an heir to the throne has rarely been the occasion of such general rejoicing as has been called out by the birth of a son to the Czar of Russia on Friday of last week. In the gloom of disasters on every side a broad ray of light has broken upon Russia. Every one knows the happy domestic life of the Czar, and, in spite of some hostile interpretations like that which appears in the current number of the "Quarterly Review," the world is generally persuaded that the Czar is a man of amiable temper and of peaceful disposition, and that he has been overborne by evil counsels. The world, therefore, rejoices that the Imperial family has been made happy and an end put to the intrigues in the Russian Court by the birth of a son. Four daughters have preceded him, and while there is no Salic law in Russia, and the Czar might have designated one of his daughters as his heir, the proceeding would have been unusual, and, in the face of the popularity of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, who has been accepted as the heir presumptive, might have been dangerous. The failure of the Czarina to become the mother of a boy has been treated as an almost criminal offense in the Russian Court, where the English blood and English ways of the Czarina have exposed her to sharp criticism and misrepresentation. All this, and the palace intrigues with regard to the succession, are ended by the birth of a son, who will be called Alexis Nikolaievitch, and who, if he succeeds to the throne, will probably assume the title of Alexis Second.

**Turkey Yields**

Simultaneously with the appearance at Smyrna of a squadron of United States war vessels the Sultan has announced that the claims so long pressed by our Government will be granted. Turkey thus presents one more illustration of the recognized fact that she will do justice only when threatened with force. The American claims have not been solely or chiefly for money compensation in return for injury to American property, although such claims are included in our demands. A much

more important matter is the demand that equal rights and privileges should be given to American educational institutions with those accorded the institutions of other nations. France, for instance, through a diplomatic agreement with Turkey made three years ago, has enjoyed reasonable freedom in this respect, and other countries even sooner obtained proper security. American schools, colleges, and medical institutions have, however, been restricted, hindered, and obstructed in the most scandalous and unfair manner. Representations to the Porte have met with nothing but evasion and delay. Moreover, the treatment of our Minister, Mr. Leishman, has been little less than insulting to the dignity of this country. His requests for audiences have been refused or postponed until patience has ceased to be a virtue. The visit of an American naval squadron to Beirut last year was thought to have impressed the Sultan with the necessity of dealing fairly with America; but since then Mr. Leishman has presented a personal message from President Roosevelt to the Sultan urging immediate action, and has again and again been put off when an answer was requested. Finally, when the promise of a definite response on August 2 was not kept, and a second day fixed was again ignored, Secretary Hay, determined no longer to be trifled with, issued orders to Admiral Jewell, in command of three cruisers, to sail for Smyrna at once, and to Mr. Leishman to sever diplomatic relations with Turkey and go on board a war-ship if immediate satisfaction was not promptly afforded by Turkey. The agreement thus reached under threat includes equal privileges to our schools and colleges, the right of medical graduates to practice their profession in Turkey, and the payment of indemnities long due to American citizens. It is a peaceful victory which men of all parties will approve.

**A French Statesman**

The death of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, ex-Premier of France, in the prime of life, is a serious loss to a country which is not rich in men of the type of the dead

statesman. Born at Nantes, the son of an eminent lawyer and public man, M. Waldeck-Rousseau adopted his father's profession and established himself in Rennes, whence he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1879. Two years later he entered Gambetta's Cabinet as Minister of the Interior, and held the same post until 1885. He withdrew from public life in 1889, devoted himself to his profession, and became one of the most successful members of the Paris bar. He was associated with many of the leading cases of that period, his defense of Eiffel, the engineer, in the Panama trial attracting wide attention. In 1894 he entered the Senate from the Department of Loire, and became the leader of the Moderate Republicans. In 1899 he became Prime Minister, assembling a Cabinet which included men of the most catholic character, and representing nearly all Republican sections. The Cabinet was united, however, in a determined effort to keep the Royalists and the Clericals out of power. From the beginning, the Premier had been more or less involved in the Dreyfus case, and would have been Dreyfus's counsel if his official position had not excluded him. He held aloof from the tragi-comedy which went on during the next few months, but when the military cabal, joined by fanatical Jew-haters and ecclesiastical intriguers, combined in an endeavor to sweep France from its moorings and commit the country to still greater judicial iniquities, M. Waldeck-Rousseau came boldly to the front. He saved Colonel Picquart from a court martial which was ready to condemn him; he opposed the bill transferring the Dreyfus case to the United Chambers of the Court of Cassation, and when the case had been reopened he secured general amnesty for all concerned in it. He went far to redeem France from the disgrace of the Dreyfus trial; he successfully opposed the idolatry of the army which threatened to take possession of France; and he defeated the schemes of the extreme Clericals. All this was done in three years, and it is a significant fact that his Ministry remained in power during that entire period—the longest retention of

power by any Ministry during the history of the Third Republic. Two years ago he resigned the Premiership because he regarded his work as done. France has had many public servants of larger capacity than M. Waldeck-Rousseau, but none who served her more faithfully or who rendered her more important service at a very critical time.



The English administration in Egypt, under the direction of Lord Cromer, has matured a scheme for opening up and developing that country of the greatest magnitude and importance, involving the expenditure of more than one hundred millions of dollars, of which about sixty-five will be used in the development of the Soudan and the balance in the development of Egypt. The plan involves the utilization of the White Nile for the irrigation of Egypt and of the Blue Nile for the irrigation of the Soudan. This important proposal is coincident with the statement that Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia have assented to the recent agreement between Great Britain and France touching Egyptian affairs, and are to give Great Britain a free hand in dealing with that country, in return for which they are to receive the privilege of unrestricted commerce for a period of thirty years. This is, in effect, a formal acceptance of the English occupation of Egypt, and not only removes one of the causes of irritation between France and England, but secures international consent to the continuance of the practical rights of sovereignty which England has exercised over that country for nearly thirty years. When the British Government, under the direction of Mr. Disraeli, then Premier, purchased the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal, England acquired monetary interests to protect which she eventually took possession of the country. The ineffectual revolt of Arabi Bey, followed by the bombardment of Alexandria, fastened her rule more firmly, and although France has been protesting for years that England was not keeping her promise to evacuate Egypt, as Russia failed to keep her promise to evacuate Manchuria, and the other

Powers withheld their approval of England's course, there has probably never been a time when the English could have withdrawn without serious loss to themselves and greater loss to the Egyptians. Lord Cromer's administration in Egypt has been in many respects a model of fair, wise, far-seeing government for the benefit of the governed. He has rebuilt substantial government in one of the oldest and most decrepit countries in the East, and recalled prosperity to a land which was one of the most prosperous in the ancient world. Probably not since the time of Joseph has Egypt had a more disinterested and capable administrator than Lord Cromer, and although the country has not had and is not likely to have for a good while to come political independence, the people of Egypt have had a greater share of liberty than they have ever enjoyed before in their history. The new scheme, which no Egyptian would have had the foresight to devise or the courage to propose, will add immeasurably to the productive capacity of the country, and promises to take its place as one of the greatest constructive schemes of modern times.



Unfolding of the Political Campaign

The National campaign is now rapidly unfolding, and there will in all probability be few days of lagging between this time and election day, November 8. The formal notification of Judge Parker of his nomination followed quickly the notification of Senator Fairbanks, the Republican candidate for Vice-President. The notification was made a spectacular affair, which even a steady downpour of rain could not mar. Judge Parker's address is commented upon editorially on another page. On Wednesday of this week Henry G. Davis, the aged but vigorous candidate of the Democracy for Vice-President, received the notification committee of the Democratic Convention at White Sulphur Springs. The Democrats, because of the shift in party management, necessitating a complete change in managers, have been at a disadvantage. The Republicans were practically ready to open their canvass the minute the

Convention adjourned. The Democrats, on the other hand, lost more than a month in picking their campaign managers and selecting headquarters. William F. Sheehan, of New York, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Committee, will be the actual manager of Judge Parker's canvass; he won a reputation in handling the details of Judge Parker's nomination that makes the Republicans regard him as a dangerous foe. The plan of the Republicans is to hold everything that they carried under McKinley in 1900, and to add practically all the Rocky Mountain States to their list. The effort of the Democrats is to carry, in the East, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, Delaware, and West Virginia, and to add to those States Indiana and Wisconsin. But, like skillful campaigners, the Democrats are apparently neglecting no opportunity. They have perfected fusion with the Populists in Kansas and Nebraska, although this arrangement has been repudiated by Thomas E. Watson, the Populist candidate for President. They have put their best foot forward in West Virginia by settling all party disputes. In Indiana they have nominated for Governor their strongest man, John W. Kern. They are also making a desperate effort to reduce the usual majority which the party in power has been able to roll up in Maine at the State election, which is held early in September. The Democrats are also to make an appeal to the business community, on the ground that the country needs a more "conservative" administration and that the election of Judge Parker cannot possibly do them harm. The Republicans, on the other hand, are invading many Congressional districts in the South. The progress of labor troubles is being watched with the closest attention by both parties. They recall that in 1892 the tide toward Cleveland was greatly accelerated by the Homestead strike. Hence the labor troubles in Colorado, the strike in the stock yards in Chicago, and the possibility of another strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, are being studied closely as to the likelihood of

their involving the political situation. Up to this time there is no reason to suspect that either party has in any sense been affected by the disputes between labor and capital. The official announcement has been made that President Roosevelt will not make a single speech during the campaign, and that his letter of acceptance will probably be his last political utterance until after the election. On the other hand, Judge Parker, yielding to the demands of many prominent Democrats, has consented to go on the stump, and the first announcement is that he will probably make speeches in New York, Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago.



The Struggle for New York

It is obvious that the campaign in the State of New York will attract far more attention than in any other State in the Union, and in this territory the National canvass is being planned by the leaders of both parties with much care. The Democrats must carry the State in order to have the phantom of a chance of obtaining the Presidency, and they must make it apparent that they have at least a fair show of winning its thirty-nine electoral votes, before the struggle is far advanced, because of its effect on the *morale* of the party elsewhere. It is a truism that the Republicans can carry the election without New York, but this is always accompanied by the supposition that they will be able to hold all the other so-called Republican States. But suppose that conditions which sweep New York out of the Republican column also affect New Jersey, Connecticut, and West Virginia? It is already admitted that Maryland is probably Democratic, and that there will be a close fight in Indiana. New York, of course, becomes once more the pivotal State. The State went for Grant in 1872, for Tilden in 1876, for Garfield in 1880, for Cleveland in 1884, for Harrison in 1888, for Cleveland in 1892, and for McKinley in 1896 and 1900. The Democrats have carried it only once since 1892. That was in 1897, when Parker was elected chief Judge; but they came perilously near it in 1898,

when Roosevelt was elected Governor, in a total vote of more than 1,200,000, by a plurality of about 17,000, and again in 1902, when Odell had only 8,000 plurality in a total vote of nearly 1,300,000. The theory of the Democratic campaigners is that the Gold Democrats, who left their party in 1896 and 1900, helping to swell McKinley's plurality in the former year to 268,000 and in the latter to 143,000, will now support Judge Parker. The subjoined table will show the fluctuations in the State in ten elections:

FIGURES SHOWING THE FLUCTUATIONS IN
NEW YORK'S VOTING

1884.	1888.	1892.	1896.	1897.
D. 563,048	R. 648,759	D. 654,868	R. 545,098	R. 673,818
R. 562,001	D. 635,757	R. 609,350	D. 520,614	D. 517,710
1,047	13,002	45,518	24,484	156,108
1896.	1897.	1898.	1900.	1902.
R. 819,888	D. 554,680	R. 661,707	R. 821,992	R. 665,150
D. 551,369	R. 493,791	D. 643,921	D. 678,386	D. 656,347
268,519	60,889	17,786	143,606	8,803

Republicans realize the danger from changed conditions, and have been taking extraordinary steps to meet it. Governor Odell, who, while still holding office, is performing the duties of Chairman of the State Committee, has been at work for six weeks seeking to perfect plans for enlarging the Republican vote, especially in the city of New York, where at the last State election the Democratic vote exceeded that of the Republicans by about 122,000. The Democratic plans have been somewhat hampered by an inactive and apparently unappreciative State Committee, and by the feud existing between Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and Senator P. H. McCarren, the leader of Brooklyn, who, for opposing Murphy and supporting instructions for Judge Parker, has been rewarded with the post of manager of the Parker campaign in the State. In order to strengthen their cause the Republicans may nominate for Governor ex-Secretary Elihu Root, in spite of repeated declarations on the part of Mr. Root that he could not see his way clear to make further sacrifices to the party. The demand for Mr. Root has become practically unanimous and overwhelming. The Democrats, on the other hand, seem to be very likely to nominate Daniel S. Lamont, if Mr. Root

be the Republican nominee. Mr. Lamont is also a former Secretary of War, having served in the Cabinet of President Cleveland, and he is one of the best-known and most popular Democrats in the State. The Republican State Convention has been called to meet in Saratoga, September 14, and the Democratic Convention will probably be held at the same place a week later. It has been said that the county Republican leaders of the State were not in hearty sympathy with President Roosevelt. The demand for Mr. Root is interesting as showing that this is a mistake. In a newspaper poll of county chairmen, it was disclosed, rather clearly, that these men were insisting on Mr. Root, because they believed that his nomination would help the National ticket, and that it would be acceptable to the President.



**The President on
the Rigor of the Law**

On behalf of a negro condemned to death application was made to the President to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life. The Attorney-General, after investigation, reported the facts. The negro was guilty of criminal assault upon a little girl. The plea for commutation of sentence was based on the alleged mental weakness of the prisoner. The President responded last week by denying the application. The crime of which the man was guilty the President describes as "the most hideous crime known to our laws." As to the allegations, made after the trial and conviction, that the prisoner was of unsound mind, the President says, "I have scant sympathy with the plea of insanity advanced to save a man from the consequences of crime, when, unless that crime had been committed, it would have been impossible to persuade any responsible authority to commit him to an asylum as insane." The President then takes the opportunity to say regarding the proper mode of dealing with this revolting crime, "It is essential that the punishment for it should be not only as certain but as swift as possible. . . . It is to be regretted that we do not have special provision for more summary dealing

with this type of cases." Such swift punishment, he declares, will work against "that lynching spirit" which impels men to avenge "one infamous crime" by "the commission of another of equal infamy." In this brief but clear and explicit note the President has furnished a complement to the letter he sent a year ago to Governor Durbin on the suppression of lynching. Indignation against the one form of lawlessness is the measure of his indignation against the other. Civil punishment, in place of private vengeance, is the enlightened method of protecting society against human monsters; but unless that punishment comes with something of the inevitableness and celerity with which consequences follow the infraction of natural law, its power as a protection against monsters or the lawless torturers of monsters is gone.



Senator Vest

A political figure of strong and individual qualities passes away from public life in the death of ex-United States Senator George G. Vest. Mr. Vest represented the State of Missouri for over twenty years in the United States Senate, always with vigor and eloquence, although he was very often on the unsuccessful side of public questions. His pertinacity and steadfastness are illustrated by the story of the way in which he acquired his residence in Missouri. He was passing through on his way to California, and, as a lawyer, was suddenly called upon, during a delay in a Missouri town, to undertake the defense of a negro accused of murder. This he did with such ability that the man was acquitted, and the young lawyer who had defended him incurred the resentment of the citizens. He took this as a challenge; resolved to stay and fight it out, and at once opened a law office in the place of his unpopularity. His success was rapid, and the Governor of Missouri, in summing up his public services since his death, said: "His courage, ability, and fidelity have never been surpassed. He was brave, brilliant, and magnetic." Mr. Vest served in the Confederate army, and was for a year a Confederate State Senator. He was first elected a United

States Senator in 1879, and was three times re-elected. His oratory was fervent, and he seemed always ready to present his views with eloquence and effect without any preparation or warning. In some respects he was a Democrat of the old school, and to the end of his career laid great stress on the question of States' rights. He followed the radical element of his party in all matters relating to currency; was an able advocate of free-trade principles to their fullest extent as regarded the free entry of foreign goods, and very unwillingly voted for the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill because it did so little in that direction.



**The Upset of the
Free Church**

Seldom has the power of "the dead hand" been more oppressively enforced than by the decision of the House of Lords in the case of the Free Church, reported last week. The Free Church at its formation in 1843 certainly held to the principle of a State Establishment of religion, while it seceded from the Established Church because of the oppressive application of the principle. But thirty years ago, quite converted to the principle of voluntarism, its leaders projected union with the United Presbyterian Church, founded on that principle. On that principle it has been raising for years some \$3,000,000 yearly, and only a small part of its property can have come from givers who, sixty years ago, held to the principle of Establishment. But the whole of it is now adjudged to the twenty-four (not thirty-six, as we reported last week) who claim to be the true successors of those founders of the Church. The theological basis of their claim is also sustained, viz., that they alone hold to the strict Calvinism of the founders. The Lord Chancellor declared that the Free Church, which in 1892 softened the rigorous predestinationism of its ancient Confession by affirming that salvation is freely offered in the Gospel to all men, had thereby renounced Calvinism for Arminianism; strange news, we think, for our own countrymen who have been doing the like. The court, *i. e.*, "the law Lords," stood for the claimants four to three, thus revers-

ing the unanimous decision of the Scotch courts, where doubtless Scotch ecclesiastical law is as well understood as by English judges. Only one Scottish judge sat among the seven. The Scotch press is indignant, the Glasgow "Herald" calling the decision "positively monstrous." Parliament only can bring equity to relieve the wrong done by pedantic legalism, and for this there is full precedent, but its vacation for grouse-shooting is likely to interfere. Meanwhile a ludicrous side of the enormity is apparent. The successful claimants are every way incapable of taking over the trust adjudged to them. They have no missionaries to man the missions, no professors to man the colleges of the Church. In Glasgow they have but two ministers to supply a hundred congregations, and not one within twenty miles of Edinburgh. But they are said to be in an uncompromising mood, having at last scored against the rich Lowlanders whose heresies they have long combated, while accepting their donations.



**Mail Facilities in the
Second-Class Cities**

The Hartford "Courant" has recently opened its columns to an informing correspondence concerning post-office facilities in that city and in other cities of about the same size and commercial importance. The correspondence has more than local importance. It began with a letter from a resident of Hartford, who complained that in the residential sections of the city there were only three deliveries of mails a day, and that the latest was at the early hour of four o'clock in the afternoon. He further complained that when he received a fully prepaid book package, if it were over two pounds in weight, he was compelled to fetch it from the post-office. This the "Courant's" correspondent characterized as a "nasty little fraud" on the part of the post-office, "in that it knowingly collected payment for a service which it had not the slightest intention to perform." The general value of the correspondence lies in the answer which this letter drew from inside the Hartford post-office. It was written by an employee, and if it had been intended for a campaign document

for the Postal Progress League it could not have made out a worse case for the post-office. The reasons given for the early hour of the last delivery of letters are: (1) that an eight-hour day is the rule, and that if possible there must be no overtime; and (2) that there could not be a delivery after dark because the Government does not equip the letter-carriers with lanterns to enable them to read addresses after the sun goes down. As to the notices calling upon recipients to fetch prepaid parcels, the apology for the post-office was about as meager and as unsatisfactory as that for the non-delivery of letters after four o'clock in the afternoon. "It is worthy of notice," it reads, "that these obnoxious notices are not distributed hit-or-miss, nor yet with malice aforethought; but they are regulated by a weight limit. Where the weight exceeds two pounds, the notices are sent to the unfortunate addressees to call at the post-office for their packages; an injudicious regulation, to be sure, but necessitated by the fact that letter-carriers are made of meat instead of steel. . . . Were the letter-carrier required to carry out every parcel sorted out to him, his letters would soon suffer thereby, and the term letter-carrier would be a decided misnomer." Finally, this apologist for the Hartford post-office added: "That the postal facilities of Hartford come very far short of perfection is without question; but before utterly condemning them would it not be well to compare them with other cities, and see if Hartford really does suffer by comparison." The correspondent with whom the controversy began had alluded to Mr. Bryan's plea for Government ownership of railroads, and had asked "what kind of experience Mr. Bryan had had in the parcel-fetching line out in Nebraska," expressing at the same time the opinion that if it had been what it would have been in Hartford, it was difficult to see how Mr. Bryan could advocate Government ownership, with the post-office such an obvious instance of the Government's very partial success in the business of common carrier. The Outlook has reason to believe that post-office facilities in other cities than Hartford, with popula-

tions ranging from 90,000 to 150,000, are no better than those of Hartford; and while these unbusinesslike and unsatisfactory conditions remain in connection with the post-office, it is not difficult to realize why many people are doubtful about Government ownership of railways. The people of New York City, it may be added, are in some respects worse off for postal facilities than the people of small towns.



A Lover of Art Mr. Samuel P. Avery, who died in New York City last week at the advanced age of eighty-two, was an example of intelligent, public-spirited citizenship. An art dealer who was eminently successful in his own field, Mr. Avery was also, what many art dealers are not, an intelligent and devoted lover of the beautiful; and in his later years, when he had ceased to be actively engaged in business, he became an ardent patron of the artistic life of the city, contributing in many ways and with the utmost generosity to the fostering of artistic enterprises. He was fortunate enough in his early business life to gain the confidence of such men as William H. Vanderbilt, and it was largely due to Mr. Avery that the Vanderbilt collection was made along intelligent lines. Many of the pictures which Mr. Avery secured for this collection are now in the Metropolitan Museum; among them Millet's "Sower," Rousseau's "Les Gorges d'Apremont," and fine examples of the work of Meissonier, Couture, and other well-known painters. In memory of a son to whom he was devotedly attached and who was a very promising architect, Mr. Avery founded the Avery Architectural Library at Columbia University, and gave it his personal care and thought. To him was due the starting of a print department in the New York Public Library, to which he made a generous contribution of nineteenth-century etchings. He was a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, at one time President of the Grolier Club, and a member of many clubs which have for their purpose the diffusion of generous culture. A very amiable, kindly, and generous man, Mr. Avery's face will be sadly missed in many circles in this city.

Judge Parker's Acceptance

Judge Parker was formally notified of his nomination by the National Democratic Convention for President of the United States, at his home in Esopus in this State on Wednesday of last week. From the beginning of his candidacy Judge Parker preserved absolute silence respecting his views on public questions. That silence he broke only once, when he sent his famous telegram to the Convention, announcing in the frankest and most unequivocal terms his adhesion to the gold standard. Seldom has any public utterance been more dramatic or striking than was Judge Parker's on that occasion; but his address of acceptance lacked wholly both the striking and the dramatic element. It was dignified, judicial, and cautious. It showed both the conservative temper and the legal training of the man. His severance from the radical wing of the Democratic party could not have been more significantly or unequivocally stated; it was distinctly a severance not only of views but of temper of mind.

Judge Parker in this address spoke as a lawyer; dispassionate, disinterested, almost without partisanship; but there was not a flash of inspiration or a note of leadership in the address throughout. Those who attempt to find either must read them into this orderly, characteristic utterance of a straightforward, methodical, and eminently trustworthy man whose mind is legal rather than forensic, and who speaks as a judge rather than as a statesman.

In expressing his appreciation of the confidence reposed in him by the Convention, he declared that the reiteration of its determination that he should be the standard-bearer of the party, after receiving the communication in which he said that he regarded "the gold standard as firmly and irrevocably established," was an honor which the fate of the campaign cannot lessen or impair. What may be called the judicial as contrasted with the statesmanlike or executive mind is illustrated by the paragraph

with which Judge Parker began his address:

Liberty, as understood in this country, means not only the right of freedom from actual servitude, imprisonment, or restraint, but the right of one to use his faculties in all lawful ways, to live and work where he will and to pursue any lawful trade or business. These essential rights of life, liberty, and property are not only guaranteed to the citizen by the Constitutions of each of the several States, but the States are, by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, forbidden to deprive any person of any one of them without due process of law.

Occasionally, he went on to say, by reason of unnecessary and impatient agitation for reforms, it becomes necessary to call attention to the limitation of the governmental powers conferred on the three departments of the Government, the executive, legislative, and judicial, and he quotes Mr. Jefferson in a private letter: "If the three powers of our government maintain their mutual independence of each other, it may last long, but not so if either can assume the authority of the other." In the course of our history, executives have sometimes employed powers not belonging to them, and statutes have been passed which were forbidden by the Constitution. We must be on our guard against the danger of usurpation of that authority which resides in the whole people. In all these statements there is nothing to differentiate the position of the Democratic candidate from that of the Republican candidate. Mr. Roosevelt might have made the same statement.

In commenting on the impatience of the restraints of the law and the danger from lawlessness in this country, Judge Parker made one of the few definite statements in his whole address:

In a struggle between employers and employees dynamite is said to have been used by the latter, resulting in the loss of life and the destruction of property. The perpetrators of this offense against the laws of God and man, and all others engaged in the conspiracy with them, should, after due trial and conviction, have had meted out to them the most rigorous punishment known to the law. This crime, added perhaps to others, led to the formation of a committee of citizens that, with the support of the military authority, deports from the State, without trial, persons suspected of belonging to the organization of which the perpetrators of

the dynamite outrages were supposed to be members. In both cases the reign of law gave way to the reign of force.

Here also both candidates would be at one, for Mr. Roosevelt has made the same declaration more than once and in more forcible terms.

Judge Parker had the opportunity of defining an issue which would have differentiated the two parties in a sharp and ringing way, when he took up the matter of the tariff law; but he contented himself with the most moderate, cautious statement, declaring that the present law is unjust and excessive in many of its rates; that prominent Republicans have not hesitated to criticise it and to urge its modification. He declared that there is no hope of any reform of the tariff from Republican sources; that, although the party has had control of both the legislative and executive departments since 1897, there has been no reduction or any attempt at reduction in tariff rates, and it is not unreasonable to assume that no reduction will be made—a statement only too well founded in fact; but, said Judge Parker, nothing can be done for the next four years because the majority in the Senate will remain unchanged, and no modification of the tariff could be passed except by the consent of the majority. He proposed a method of reduction well calculated to allay the alarm of all the business interests, providing for such a reasonable period between the date of the enactment by the State and the date of its enforcement as shall make possible a readjustment of all business conditions. He affirmed that trusts which aim to secure a monopoly of trade in the necessities of life, and in those things which are employed upon the farm, in the factory, and in other fields of industry, have been stimulated by excessive tariff duties, and that the growth of monopolies due to this system cannot be laid at the doors of the courts of the country.

With regard to the important question of the trusts, Judge Parker's position is conservative enough to satisfy the most ardent monopolist:

The decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Appeals of this State, and the courts of last resort in many other States warrant the assertion

that the common law as developed affords a complete legal remedy against monopolies. The fact that they have multiplied in number and increased in power has been due, not to the failure of the courts to apply the law when properly moved by administrative officials or private individuals, but to the failure of officials charged with the duty of enforcing the law to take the necessary procedure to procure the judgments of the courts in the appropriate jurisdiction, coupled with the fact that the legislative departments of some of our State governments, as well as Congress in the manner already referred to, have by legislation encouraged their propagation. What is needed—in addition to the passage of a statute revising the tariff duties to a reasonable basis—is not so much other and different laws as officials having both the disposition and the courage to enforce existing law. While this is my view of the scope of the common law, if it should be made to appear that it is a mistaken one, then I favor such further legislation within constitutional limitations as will give the people a just and full measure of protection.

On the question of the Philippines he had no criticism to make of the administrative and educational work now being carried on in the islands under the direction of the United States Government, but contented himself with asking the question, which can have but one answer from any party, whether it is possible to tolerate the thought of permanently denying the right of self-government to the Filipinos, and with declaring that there is no prospect that the twenty millions expended in the purchase of the islands and the six hundred and fifty said to have been disbursed since will ever come back to us. He neither raised nor answered the question as to our responsibility in connection with the islands, and it is difficult to discover any definite principle laid down in the series of questions which made up this section of the address.

With the general statement that the United States has always been a world power because of the principle that it represents, and that it is a peace-loving and not a military power, men of all parties will agree. With Judge Parker's further statement agreement will not be so general. It is not perfectly clear what he meant when he said that "the Government was not created for a career of political or civilizing evangelization in foreign countries or among alien races." He may have meant that a

nation, like an individual, has no right to force its doctrine or its manner of life upon another against its will; that the spirit of the Inquisition is out of place in national as in ecclesiastical character. If he meant this, he will still find men of all parties agreeing with him. If, however, on the other hand, he meant that a nation, unlike an individual, is incapable of rendering any other a disinterested service—that, for instance, the United States was ill employed in freeing Cuba from misrule and giving to her at her own choice the opportunity of self-government—then he enunciated a conception of American ideals with which a host of Americans will disagree; in this case he formulated, not very clearly, a political idea which may become a party doctrine.

Judge Parker's address closed with the declaration that if he should be elected he will not be a candidate for nor accept renomination—a position which has been taken more than once by other candidates for the Presidency and more than once abandoned. No candidate is in a position to announce four years in advance that under no circumstances will he retain the office to which he may be called. If Lincoln had made such a promise and insisted upon keeping it, he would have thrown the whole country into confusion, and probably brought it to great disaster. If Judge Parker should be elected and after four years of faithful and competent service should be renominated in a great crisis, it would be impossible for him to keep such a pledge as he gave at Esopus.



The Lesson of a Strike

Trade-unions are primarily business organizations. In the long run their successes or failures will be the measure of the wisdom or unwisdom of their business methods and judgment. The packing-house strike, now nearing a collapse, ought to have in it a useful lesson for the trade-unions of the country. That the strike is a failure, notwithstanding the courage of the strikers and their devotion to their cause, is hardly open to question. The packers have turned a cold shoulder to all recent over-

tures for a peaceable settlement. Their plants are running—in a crippled condition and at considerable inconvenience, to be sure, for the skilled workers on strike are hard to replace; but still they are running, and the output is increasing.

At bottom, the striking workmen have much right on their side. In the main, they were entitled to and should have received public sympathy and support. That they did not receive more such support was due to their blundering tactics. The big packing concerns have the reputation of being harsh employers. For years labor conditions in the packing-house plants were hard in the extreme. Hours were irregular and often very long, and wages were low. Foremen were accused of brutality and favoritism. The closed shop was maintained in the sense that only non-union men could retain employment.

About four years ago Michael Donnelly went into the Chicago packing-houses and organized the workers there, secretly at first and afterwards openly. Later the workers in other packing centers were organized. Since then remarkable changes have been brought about in hours, wages, and working conditions. The packers appear to have accepted these changed conditions, not because they wanted to, but because they had to. One of the packers, in a public statement, gave color to this view by bewailing in strong terms the enactment of the law forbidding the employment of children under fourteen years of age, and blaming the unions for the passage of the measure.

The workmen have declared that the packers desired to take advantage of the present depression to break up the union and restore conditions that existed a few years ago. If that be so, the union, by its mistakes, has played directly into the hands of the packers. The union, it would appear, was justified in asking one general agreement for all the packing centers. It was right, too, in asking an agreement for the unskilled workmen. The third point of dispute in the negotiations that preceded the strike, the question of the reduction of wages of unskilled men, was a proper one for arbitration. Failing to reach

any agreement after prolonged negotiations, a strike was declared, to take effect at noon on Tuesday, July 12. On the Monday evening preceding, at six o'clock, President Donnelly received from the packers a letter offering to arbitrate all the points in dispute. The executive officers of the organization ought to have sent out a notice at once postponing the strike call for forty-eight hours, to give time to consider the arbitration proposition. Had they done so, there is every reason to believe that the trouble could have been adjusted amicably, with no loss to the men except possibly a small reduction in the wages of unskilled workers. Instead, the strike was allowed to take effect. That was blunder number one. It put the strikers at once at a serious disadvantage before the public. With the strike on, the packers and union leaders sought still to reach an agreement. President Donnelly held out for an arbitration proposition that should not involve any possible reduction in wages. In this way several days were consumed, during which time new men were being employed, thus adding other complications. This was blunder number two. Then, when an agreement to resume work was finally reached, and the strikers complained of discrimination by foremen in the re-employment, Donnelly called the strike on again without first seeking a conference with the packers to see if the difficulties could not be straightened out. This was blunder number three. After that the packers would have nothing to do with the strike leaders. If their intention was from the first, as the strikers declared, to break up the union if possible, they could proceed on that line with a good face. The public, however much it might sympathize with the aims of the workmen, could not sustain them in the light of their blundering tactics.

Apologists for the union leaders say it is too much to expect them to use good judgment on all occasions. Possibly so; but the answer must be that in no other way can they achieve success in the struggles in which they are engaged. John Mitchell, in the anthracite coal strike, represented a class

of workers supposedly of no higher grade of intelligence than the packing-house employees. He won that fight solely through the ability and generalship manifested in every stage of that trying conflict. Like judgment on the part of the packing-house union leaders would have meant success instead of failure for that organization.



Local Option in Vermont

Those who believe that all use of alcoholic drinks as beverages is inherently evil are, of course, logical in resolutely advocating prohibition. The Outlook is not of that number. All sane people recognize burglary as a crime. A proposal to permit burglary to be practiced under certain limitations would be greeted with derision. Comparatively few sane people believe the use of liquor is a crime. Proposals to regulate the sale of liquor are continually being made and put to the test of practicability. According to that test, different methods have measurably succeeded in different communities. A measure which has been very generally successful, and is entirely in accord with our form of government, is that of local option.

For a year this measure has been tried in Vermont. The Outlook, in its issue for June 18, recorded the outcome of that one year's trial. Inevitably a number of believers in State prohibition as the only right form of law have strongly protested against our statement of the outcome, calling in question the figures concerning Federal licenses, and dissenting from our conclusions. After obtaining all the facts which our critics have been willing to give, we are convinced that the figures we printed require no modification. We are at the same time ready to acknowledge that certain conclusions drawn from those figures, those, for instance, concerning the amount of open drunkenness during the year, are reasonably open to question. The fact that the end of prohibition in Vermont was not coincident with the beginning of local option in full operation, deprives these figures of some of their value as a basis of comparison, and

leaves considerable room for difference of opinion. The general conclusion, however, that the present law is a great improvement over that which it superseded, has been confirmed by the mass of evidence which we have gathered.

No better testimony to this improvement could be given than that contained in the vote this year. The result of the first year's trial has shown a change from "Yes" to "No," that is, from license to no-license, of 12,000 votes in a total of 50,000. This has taken thirty-two towns over into the "No" column. It has diminished the area of licensed towns from 2,600 square miles to 1,300 square miles; and increased the area of no-license towns from 6,900 square miles to 8,200 square miles. In 1903 nearly half the population of the State lived in licensed towns; now considerably less than a third. In 1903 only 41 per cent. of the population lived in towns where there were no legal sales of liquor; by the vote of this year the percentage has been increased to nearly 60. By a curious logic, these facts have been cited as if they showed local option to be a failure. For instance, one correspondent writes: "The very fact that so many towns that favored license last year changed to no-license this year shows that many temperance people who had hoped for an improvement of conditions under local option are now convinced of their mistake." Of course it shows nothing of the kind. What it does show is that when a town is convinced that license is a source of disorder, it has a ready instrument in the local option law for deciding against, not local option, but license. Its effect in stimulating public opinion in behalf of enforcing the decision of the will of the community is exemplified in this interesting bit of testimony from a Vermont hotel-keeper: "Personally I have long believed in the principle of the new law, and worked hard for its adoption. I have always sold liquor under the prohibitory law. This year, with a 'No' vote in the community, I am a 'No' man. I will not violate the law I have had a hand in making." This is the explanation of the success of genuine local option—the community will not

acquiesce in violating the law which it has "had a hand in making."

We are far, however, from affirming that the Vermont local option law is ideal, or even free from great defects. Indeed, dissatisfaction with it is openly expressed by people of Vermont who are believers in the principle of local option. This dissatisfaction is voiced in a letter from the Rev. John L. Sewall:

Those who from the first have fought the open saloon, which is not a necessity for the beverage sale of liquor under local option, have good grounds for insisting that some of their specific warnings against the present law have been justified by results. Even its warmest friends confess that in details of operation the new law has shown itself weak. No one opposes a programme of amendment, save the handful of ultra-prohibitionists; and of course they are a negligible quantity. General impressions and carefully collated facts confirm the view that the freer legalized sale of intoxicants has been followed by disastrous and disgusting excesses; with the passage of time these are decreasing, but are by no means wholly checked. There cannot well be agreement on the extent of this excess, because arrests are such a variable factor, and the amount of concealed drunkenness, formerly and now, is purely a matter of opinion. No indorsement of the principle of local option should blind the searcher for facts to an unfortunate and intolerable condition. The remedy will be sought, not by a return to the old law, but by improving the present statute in the light of experience. Changes will necessarily be a medium between the demands of some who want the nearest possible approach to the old law, and the resistance of others who desire only technical alterations. Certain modifications will surely be attempted; such as radical changes in the second-class (bottle) license and the druggist's license; new methods of securing the commissioners who grant licenses, substituting county boards by gubernatorial appointment, and the conferring upon them of more responsibility and power for enforcing the law; also some more effective measures for dealing with cases of intoxication.

Mr. Sewall is especially competent to form a just opinion on this matter. As chairman of a committee of inquiry of the Congregational churches of his State, he has had a hand in preparing a report concerning temperance legislation in the State which we commend to our readers. Strongly fortified in his opinion by first-hand acquaintance with the facts though he is, he has not pointed out a method of remedy which we believe will decrease the defects of the law.

The remedy he indicates is a compromise with State prohibition. The real remedy, however, for the ills of local option is more local option. In other words, the Vermont law can be improved by being made more local and more optional.

At present the officers who are designated to apply the law are license commissioners. They are appointed in towns by the selectmen and in cities by the aldermen. Such method of appointment has of course proved pernicious. It has injected the liquor trade into politics; it has made the sellers of liquor peculiarly active in getting selectmen and aldermen to their liking. One cure suggested has been to abolish town and city commissioners and substitute a board of State commissioners, or county boards, to be appointed by the Governor. Manifestly this will tend to transfer the menace of commercial interference from the town and city government to the government of the whole State. The real way of escape, if license commissioners are really needed, is to retain them as town and city officers, but at the same time put the power of selection into the hands of the voters of the towns and cities. To corrupt a whole community is difficult, if not impossible, where it is easy to corrupt a small board of selectmen or aldermen.

Under the law as it is now, a town or city can vote only "Yes" or "No" on the question of license. The form of license, whether for an open bar, or for the sale of liquor in sealed packages, or for malt liquors only, or for medicinal purposes, is left with the commissioners. The remedy for the ills growing out of this arrangement is not by modifying the various classes of license, abolishing one or another, raising the fees, and the like, but by enabling the voters themselves to determine in what form liquor shall be sold. This is the method in New York State. It has proved entirely practicable. Ballots can easily be prepared enumerating the different classes of license, to each of which the voter can append his mark of approval or disapproval. Thus the responsibility for the result is not shifted to an independent board, whose errors of judgment may be counterbalanced by the popular

desire to have liquor sold in some form; the responsibility remains where it belongs, on the voters themselves.

Local option is not justly judged by a law which does not completely embody the principle of local option. If it has in any respect disappointed its advocates, they cannot expect to find success by making the law less in accordance with the principle. More local option, not less, more home rule, not less, more democracy in methods of dealing with sale of liquor, not less, is what Vermont needs.



The French School Question

The severance of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican, by the withdrawal of the French Ambassador, will probably tend to accelerate the general movement which the Premier has been carrying out so vigorously during the past few months, to suppress all forms of Catholic teaching in France. At bottom, this movement is an attempt to secularize education by taking it out of the hands of the Church and putting it into the hands of the State. With the general purpose of such a movement Americans would naturally sympathize. What strikes them as confusing and impolitic is the ruthless severity with which the change is being made, and the practical denial of the right of teaching to the Roman Catholic Church, which, from the American point of view, is entirely inconsistent with free government. To the American, the true method of shifting education from the Church to the State would be to open free schools, under the State direction, everywhere in France, and to make them better schools than the Church schools. The French Government has reversed this method. It is closing the Church schools without attempting, as yet, to provide adequate State schools, and it is denying the right to teach to a large body of French citizens. When M. Waldeck-Rousseau, whose death is reported in another column, introduced the original law on associations, by the terms of that law all teaching by religious orders was forbidden, except to

orders which were expressly authorized by government to carry on their teaching work. It was undoubtedly the purpose of the Premier, as expressed in a definite statement made at the time, that this law should be applied with consideration; that educational liberty should not be interfered with, and that applications made by religious bodies under the law would be sympathetically considered.

His successor, the present Premier, M. Combes, who represents the radical wing of the Republican party in France, began at once a drastic enforcement of the law, and has secured additional legislation of a much more sweeping character, until he is now practically dictator of the situation. His accession to the Premiership was followed by the closing of nearly one hundred and fifty schools; and over three thousand religious houses of various kinds, which have not received specific authorization, but which belong to congregations which had been authorized, were ordered to disband within eight days. The New York "Sun," which has been collecting the statistics, reports that of sixty congregations of men which applied for authorization, only five were granted, and the rejection of the other fifty-five involved the closing of nearly two thousand establishments. A year ago M. Combes was able to announce that he had already closed over three thousand religious houses; that four hundred more would be closed within the coming months; that two thousand more would meet with the same fate, and that eight hundred would be continued only until their places could be supplied by proper lay-school accommodation.

Additional legislation gave the Government authority to suppress all the congregations which had been authorized to teach, and teaching of all kinds was prohibited to the congregations, a period of ten years being allowed for the suppression of such congregations. In the meantime, however, these congregations temporarily permitted to teach are no longer permitted to receive new members, their novitiates being dissolved, with the exception of those in which teachers are training for the

French schools in the colonies. The Outlook reported the scope of these provisions at the time of their adoption, but the drastic spirit in which they were to be enforced was hardly foreseen, nor was their scope fully comprehended outside the circle of the men who secured their adoption. These new provisions had no sooner gone into effect than a list of twenty-four hundred schools which were to be discontinued at the end of the year was published, and it is now announced that by the first of October seven hundred and fifty boys' schools belonging to the Christian Brothers, ten hundred and fifty-four girls' schools under the charge of different congregations of nuns, and nearly six hundred schools connected with refuges and orphanages, will be closed. This will leave a little less than two thousand schools belonging to congregations and covered by the clause which gives the Government ten years' time in which to close them.

The spirit and so far the use of these laws by M. Combes indicate that the Premier will not be disposed to delay the extirpation of the Catholic schools. It is estimated that not less than 1,600,000 children are taught by these various schools. They cannot be left without educational provision; the Government will be forced to assume rapidly the responsibility which it has taken out of the hand of the Church. It can only do this at a great expense; and while the French Catholics in most parts of the country have accepted this drastic policy with singular quietness and fortitude, it is a question whether the people at large will indorse the policy of the Government when they find that it increases so heavily the burdens of taxation. The question at issue is not so much one of intention as of method. No one can quarrel with the anxiety of the French Government to educate the children of France, but the ruthless way in which the first steps toward that desirable end have been taken, the arbitrary closing of old establishments, the dispersal of unoffending as relentlessly as offending religious communities, the interference with the right to teach, are extremely questionable, to say the least.

Impressions of a Careless Traveler

In New Orleans

THE impressions which a careless traveler gets of the city of New Orleans are not very valuable, for he gets them only in hotel halls and from trolley-car windows. The real life of a city like New Orleans is hidden behind the walls of its homes, and to a stranger is undisclosed. In New Orleans I need not have been a stranger, had time allowed me to take advantage of the unknown friends whom I had reason to believe the city contained. But two days is too short a time for anything but the most cursory survey of externals, and we attempted nothing more. If a New Orleans reader regards these impressions of his city as superficial, he may reflect that his judgment agrees with that of the writer of the impressions.

Most American cities are more or less heterogeneous in their population. But New Orleans impressed me as more than heterogeneous; it is a stratified city; that is, a city not only of a varied population, but of that population existing in separate social strata. It is a white city and a negro city; an American city and a French city; an ancient city and a modern city; and the white population does not mingle with the negro population, nor the English with the French, nor the ancient with the modern, in any such way as to produce social interactions between these separate strata. It is true that negro and white laborers work together on the levees, and to the careless traveler there is no apparent social prejudice separating them, and no noticeable industrial distinction between them. You may see one team driven by a negro driver, the next by a white driver, and negroes and whites working together in handling the cotton along the river front. But with this exception there is no apparent intermingling of the African and the white populations. And I am told that there is not much more intermingling between the French and English populations. Their respective quarters are sharply separated one

from the other by Canal Street. Crossing this broad avenue, one passes from England to France, almost as if he were crossing the English Channel. The difference is seen not only in the signs but in the faces upon the streets, the character of the shops and the restaurants, and in the appearance of the homes in the residential districts. The French or foreign quarter is the old New Orleans; the English quarter is the modern New Orleans. If, on the one hand, Esplanade Street is one of the most interesting city avenues in America, retaining as it does the architectural characteristics of the early settlers, St. Charles Avenue is one of the most attractive, for it has what is to be found in few of our larger American cities, its residences detached, with lawns, gardens, shade trees environing each residence, and air and sunlight, rare luxuries in a city, furnished to each. This geographical separation symbolizes a social separation said to be quite as marked. I am told that there are still to be found in the Creole population families who mildly lament the annexation of Louisiana to the United States, and haughtily look down upon their wealthier American fellow-citizens as belonging to the *nouveaux riches*; social circles which the current of modern life has affected as little as the water of some of the bayous of the Mississippi is affected by the current which flows by, but does not enter into them.

We drove through this quarter one of our two mornings, interested in its foreign-looking features: "the walls of adobé, the lime-washed stucco façades, the jalousies, the gratings, the small-paned windows, the portes-cochères, the arcades and balconies, the tiled roofs, and the inner courts—the whole embosomed in bright-flowering tropical plants;" and I wished for a letter of introduction that I might have been taken into one of these homes which in the twentieth century apparently retain the simplicity of the eighteenth, and something of its

calm and peace. Later we rambled through the business streets of the foreign quarter, moused about in its quaint shops, and, though our purchases were insignificant, found ourselves cordially welcomed in examining the rich, solid old furniture and jewelry. What stories of ancient days, of once prosperous and wealthy families now stranded by the ever-changing currents of our American life, or yet more tragically disappeared altogether, these quaint, curious artistic relics of bygone times could have told, if they could have spoken! Looking on these pieces of solid mahogany, with their artistic carvings, one could not but confess to himself with regret, however twentieth-century his spirit, that our ancestors had a quality of reality and of individualism which our age of organization and hustle and—must I say it?—of sham, sorely lacks. Shall we ever recover it, I wonder? We took our supper two successive evenings in a French restaurant; we could hardly have found one more characteristically French in a town of Brittany or Normandy, except that our waiter did understand the English language.

Of modern New Orleans a fine illustration is furnished by Tulane University. A visit of an hour is not very adequate to take the measure of a great educational organization, but it was enough to make us sure that Tulane University deserves to rank with the great educational organizations of America. The term university does not always signify much, especially in the South and West, where it is often applied to institutions whose main work is carried on in grammar and high school departments, with a little college annex, or sometimes with only the promise of a college annex, for the future. But if we could judge anything from the buildings, the apparent curriculum, and, what was a better indication than either, the appearance of the University students as they were assembled in the great college hall, Tulane University, while not equal in its size or its endowment with the greatest universities, takes its rank with them in the ideals to which it aspires and in the education which it furnishes. Not in

Yale or Harvard would one see a finer appearing body of young men, or receive a more eager and enthusiastic attention to an address appealing to patriotism to render America in its new life the highest moral and spiritual service. Nor can I doubt that this University really represents the New Orleans of the future.

The "Picayune" intimated, in an issue published about the time of our stay in New Orleans, that the days of commercial supremacy for New York were over, and that with the opening of the Panama Canal New Orleans would become the metropolis of the New World. The article was a curious illustration of that narrow Americanism which forgets that the United States is a continent, and that in its future it must have more than one metropolis. Certain it is, however, that the opening of the Panama Canal will set before New Orleans a door of opportunity, and that it will be the fault of the people of that city if they do not take advantage of it and make New Orleans one of the three or four great commercial centers of the North American continent. At the mouth of a river immeasurably greater than the Hudson, the natural shipping port for all the territory drained by the Mississippi and the Missouri, through which, therefore, should pass a considerable proportion of the commerce which is to go to the Orient, the commercial prosperity of New Orleans will be limited only by the capacity of her people. If she can solve her race and labor problem—for the two are really one; if she can bring about and maintain harmonious relations between the white race and the colored race; if she can realize that only a united, co-operative people can be prosperous, and learn how to abolish injustice from the one race and envy and jealousy from the other; and if at the same time she can take full advantage of modern ideas and modern methods in business enterprise, her own wealth, and, what is more important, her opportunities for service, economic, industrial, social, and commercial, to the whole South-Mississippi Valley, far transcend the vision of the most imaginative dreamer of to-day. L. A.

The Recantation of an Anti-Imperialist

By David Gray

The writer of this article is probably best known to the general reading public as the author of the two series of spirited and entertaining stories called "Gallops." Mr. Gray, it may be added, is a lawyer, and before entering upon that profession was connected editorially with the Buffalo "Times," the Buffalo "Inquirer," the New York "World," and other newspapers.—THE EDITORS.

IN view of the possibility of a change in our Philippine policy as a result of the November election, it seems a duty to protest against the agitation for Filipino independence of you gentlemen commonly styled anti-imperialists, and to lament the ignorance and folly of the leaders of my own party in adopting the Philippine plank of the Democratic platform. Prior to the summer of 1902 I was actively in sympathy with your point of view. As a writer in the editorial columns of a Democratic newspaper I attacked continuously the Republican Administration for its violence both to our constitutional policy and to the rights of a weak people. From such data as I could secure, I believed Aguinaldo and his cause comparable to Washington and the issues of the Revolution, and I believed the Filipinos capable of self-government in our understanding of the word. I extolled their efforts for independence, believing, as you do, that the Nation's health is best conserved by a minority actuated by conscience and principle which dares not to conform to the cheap definition of patriotism made by party politics. I voted for Bryan in 1900 on the issue of Philippine policy, though opposed to him on all other grounds.

In the summer of 1902 I went to the islands for the purpose of examining the newly installed civil government, expecting to find, even in its beginnings, abundant evidence of the capacity of the Filipinos for self-rule, and to gather facts with which to prosecute a campaign for Filipino emancipation. Besides spending many weeks in Manila, I made journeys into the provinces of Cavite, Batangas, Laguna, Rizal, Bulacan, and Pampanga, the most fertile and thickly populated portions of Luzon. I went to Samar, Leyte, and Cebu, in the Visayan

group; I visited various parts of Mindanao, the largest of the Moro islands; also Isabella, Jolo, Bongao, and Siassi. I met nearly all the prominent Filipinos who have taken service under our Government as governors of provinces, and who, according to our policy of appointing ex-insurrectos, were prominent in the insurrection. I had long talks with Aguinaldo and with Aglipay, the latter of whom is much the most influential of the native leaders, controlling probably several millions through the native Church which he has organized. I had an interview with Mabini on the island of Guam, under the auspices of one of his friends and fellows in Aguinaldo's cabinet. I also had many intimate talks upon Philippine matters with Mabini's successor in that cabinet, and was repeatedly this gentleman's guest, and entertain a deep respect for his intelligence and a high regard for his friendship. I mention these facts to show that I did not see the islands from a hotel window in Manila, nor through the eyes of American occupation. But very soon it became evident that I had misconceived the situation. Volumes could be written describing the conditions and not say all; yet a few elemental facts and conclusions incessantly force themselves upon the open-minded observer who himself goes to the islands.

First, that the Filipinos have no nationality with which to assume government of the archipelago. In Luzon there are the Christian Tagalogs, the Christian Matebeles, who murder Tagalogs as a tribal virtue, the non-Christian Igorrotes, various tribes of head-hunters, and a miserable race called Negritos. In the Visayan group is another tribal division speaking a Malay dialect distinct from Tagalog, and in the great island of Mindanao and in the Sulu and Tawi

groups are the Moros, Mussulman savages continually warring among themselves. In all the islands, according to the estimate of Señor Buencamino, Aguinaldo's former Secretary of State, there are not more than twenty-five thousand who speak any Spanish. That is to say, less than the half of one per cent. of the population know the educated language which alone can be used for purposes of intercommunication. Thus, without community of interest, tradition, or language, scattered sparsely over an archipelago that would extend from Maine nearly to Florida, inheriting immemorial tribal enmities, a part frankly barbarous, a part reared under the spiritual guidance of the Christian Church, but forbidden the arts and liberal education, and subjected to three hundred years of military tyranny, the wealth and commerce of their country in the hands of Europeans and Chinese—what criminal folly to compare such a situation with that in Cuba!

There are individual Tagalogs and Visayans of much intelligence, of some culture and wealth; there are some who possess what we call character, but the class is lamentably small. In Manila, a city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, I doubt if there be two hundred Filipinos, men and women, whom any of you gentlemen would or could ask to your houses save out of an anthropological curiosity. In the country the percentage would be even smaller. Yet if you make the Philippines independent, you give independence not to *the* Filipinos, but to *these* Filipinos, not to the people, but to this small class; you put the simple, half-civilized villagers of Luzon and the Visayan group under the rule of an oligarchy modeled upon Spanish military despotism and animated by the spirit of the Malay feudal system. This was the form of government which Aguinaldo was endeavoring to establish, the only form of government of which either he or his associates could conceive, if we except Mabini, who, pathetically crippled but intellectually vigorous, inspired by Rousseau and the French Revolutionists, was the poet and idealist of the movement, and who was alone in his idealism.

This is not the place to discuss the Malay feudal system, nor the mysterious and absolute control which, under it, the *príncipe* wields over the peasant, nor its institution of debt bondage, which our Government has not succeeded in breaking up; but it must be understood in order to understand Philippine affairs and in order to understand the nature of the insurrection, which was no more a popular uprising to secure popular liberty than were the Wars of the Roses.

Like all Malays, like all the tropical peoples, the Filipinos are in a condition racially of child development. As to matters which children can comprehend they are precocious, but face to face with the adult problems of Western civilization they lack self-reliance and initiative and that energy of character without which popular liberty, as we understand it, is impossible. A most significant and discouraging fact is that few, if any, Filipinos of prominence are pure Filipino, but are mixed with the Mongol or European. I was not able to meet or to hear of a single Filipino of exceptional force or distinction who was not more or less obviously a mixed blood. In most cases, capacity and success are traceable to the genius of the Chinese, which seems to be a natural admixture with the Malay, resulting in a superior type. The Chinese blood in Mabini and in the native judges of the Supreme Court is conspicuous.

The people of the country impress one pleasantly. They have many attractive traits and but few vices. They are by nature peaceable, justice-loving, and for the most part law-abiding. Their domestic lives are clean, but politically they are babes. They have neither the capacity for, the conception of, nor the desire for, self-government as we understand it. The *presidentes* or head men of the villages often make admirable executives, but the *presidentes* would gasp at the suggestion that the peasants were entitled to the equal rights guaranteed by our Constitution.

If we examine the capacity of the Filipinos for conducting international relations, the facts are equally discouraging. The number who have been into

the world, or who have any adequate conception of it, is extremely few. I doubt if there be fifty of the upper class in the whole archipelago who have enjoyed the education of foreign travel or of the Western universities. Thus, unsophisticated and without national unity, the maintenance of foreign relations would at present be an impossibility. The more intelligent among them realize this national helplessness, and view with apprehension the possibility of abandonment by the United States, realizing that they would ultimately be the prey of one of the European military powers, and in the meantime that the islands would be torn with internal disorder and ladronism.

I went to the Philippine Islands convinced that our retention of them was an international crime; I left them convinced that any other course than that which we are pursuing would be a breach of international humanity, comparable to leaving a helpless infant to perish in the storm. Right or wrong, we have taken the islands, and must accept the responsibility for the welfare of the people whose blood we have shed and whose lands we have laid waste. This is not a theory, but a fact. When they will be ready for self-government is an interesting question, but at present is academic. It is a fact that they are not ready or capable for it. Moreover, any agitation in this country with Filipino independence as its object can work only as a cruelly unsettling and dangerous influence, tending to postpone what it seeks to hasten. Aguinaldo's former Secretary of State said to me: "The Filipinos have three great needs, and none of them is independence. The first is schools, the second is *more schools*, and the third is *MORE SCHOOLS*." This is a true saying. They need education along all lines; they need development. The cost of educating them and developing them may be heavy to the United States, but we have put ourselves in such a position that we cannot morally withdraw from meeting it. The argument that we are undermining our own democracy by ruling paternally an alien people is nullified by the obvious moral requirements of the situation. It is not

a question of what we should have done, or of what we should like to do, but of what we must do. To give them independence for the purpose of cleaning the blood from our hands and whitening our good name would have the same merit as to abandon an illegitimate child in order to put away the evidence of sin.

Whether the Filipinos need only the opportunity to develop a nationality capable of standing by itself, or whether from their tropical environment they are condemned forever to the lot of a backward race, is another question which is purely academic. Good morals and policy alike dictate that they be given the opportunity for self-development, and in order that we may do this successfully we must have accurate knowledge as to their conditions, sympathy with their defects, and faith in their possibilities. If Providence has ever specially intervened to provide adequate men for difficult work, it has intervened in the present instance in providing first Mr. Root, and now the present Secretary of War and the men associated with him. Mr. Taft's faith in the Filipinos seems almost incredible to those who have lived in the islands and have seen the problem which he has to face, but such a faith and confidence are necessary to give Filipinos the full opportunity to which, in the circumstances, they have a right. To interfere with his work before the foundation is established, to give the half-educated, irresponsible, and dangerous Filipino demagogue, and there are many of these, an opportunity for believing that our policy toward the islands is to be a vacillating and changeable one, dependent upon the mutations of American politics, would be a crime with effects too far-reaching to be anticipated. Whatever may be the other issues of the campaign, the continuance of the present Philippine policy, involving as it does the peace and welfare of seven millions of Filipinos, to say nothing of the possible cost to the United States which another outbreak would entail, makes the Philippine issue paramount. If such men as Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Moorfield Storey, and the

distinguished and rightly venerated President of Harvard, to say nothing of my fellow-Democrats who have framed the Philippine plank of the St. Louis platform, will go to the islands and ascertain the facts at first hand, I should be ready to trust their conclusions before my own. But from all that I can learn there are no workers for Philippine

independence who have been to the Philippines. Would that some American Cecil Rhodes might endow foundations for the study of Philippine problems in the Philippines, to the end that the political conscience and morality of the Nation might be fed upon whole facts instead of half facts and misleading *ex parte* statements.

Man's Place in the Universe

By Theodore T. Munger, D.D.

THE idea that this is the only habitable world in the universe belongs to those periods of astronomy when many things were dreamed of and few were proven. Mr. Wallace, in the book the title of which is taken as that of this article,¹ with an array of sciences, revives the dream, and attempts to show that planetary life is impossible, and that to assert its possibility might be a false note in the harmony of the universe that should be set right. It is not often that so extensive a work of science is brought out by so great a master in order to establish a negative. True science deals chiefly with what is positive, denying only in order to clear away any false theory that hinders positive truth. But no theory of human life in other worlds has found a permanent place in the scientific world, nor is there any serious mention of it, except as a possibility. Mr. Wallace pleads for his point with such zeal that one almost suspects some ulterior purpose, some hidden and cherished view in another field that conflicts with his theory. For example, if he were a pessimist, he might be eager to limit life to this small world, and so could rejoice in a lifeless universe beyond it. But he indicates no such motive; and, having planted himself on a material theory of the universe, he stands there with fine consistency, and refers to opposite views—chiefly theological—with slight recognition and no respect. But that he ignores theology as having any bearing on the

subject, and the fact that the treatment of it has been idle, is no proof that theology, in a large sense, has nothing to do with it. It may, indeed, turn out before long that it has more to say on the subject than physical science; or, rather, that the latter cannot be segregated from other sciences and stand alone for general conclusions without sharp questioning; for matter, as such, fails to include several of the most essential factors that enter into the problems of life. But, so far, it must be said that theology has contributed nothing of real value to either side of the question; and, while intended to strengthen faith in revelation and Christian doctrine, it has worked in the opposite direction as change in doctrine and growth in science both proved defective evidence.

The problem at no time ever awakened so deep and popular interest as in the first half of the last century. A well-written French treatise, favoring the theory of planetary life, in 1686 had held the attention of scientific circles in all Europe up to the eighteenth century, and had among its adherents the Herschels, Chalmers, Dick, Isaac Taylor, and Arago, as in the previous century it had been favorably regarded by Newton. That such men entertained a theory for which they could not adduce a scientific reason indicates more on the side of its probability than any amount of scientific improbability could weigh against it. It revealed an unconscious tendency of the human mind to lean to that side of the question. There are some subjects that out-reason reason and plant in us con-

¹ *Man's Place in the Universe: a Study of the Results of Scientific Research in Relation to the Unity or Plurality of Worlds.* By Alfred Russel Wallace. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

victions for which we have no ordinary evidence—a point touched by Tennyson when he asked the question,

“Who forged that other influence,
That heat of inward evidence,
By which he doubts?”

The most conspicuous actors in the discussion in the last century were Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh, and Professor Whewell, of Cambridge—one favoring the doctrine of planetary life, the other questioning it. The story of Chalmers's week-day astronomical discourses is as marvelous as any of the wonders he described in the heavens. All Edinburgh shut up shop on Thursday afternoons to hear them. When published (in 1817), they ran abreast of Scott's “Tales of My Landlord,” and kept an equal pace; twenty thousand copies were sold within a year. It was not merely their eloquence, but the interest of the people in a question full of perplexity, to which they were half willing to assent because it cleared up so many difficulties. Chalmers's theological speculations on the subject have no recognition to-day, but he lifted the people into a region of high thought, and spread an atmosphere of divine sanity over phenomena that were in themselves most improbable. For belief that other worlds might be inhabited, he relied wholly upon doctrinal opinions that thus became more explicable. A strange logic it sounds to-day. After so unfolding the heavens that this world sinks into insignificance, he encounters the unbelieving scoff that the Ruler of the Universe should send his Son to this little world to expiate its sin by his death. He meets this plausible criticism by so exalting the value of the immortal soul as to justify God in his condescension, and carries out his thought that the same gracious work extends to other worlds where there may be the same need of it.

Dr. Chalmers was hovering in the region of a truth that is haunting the best thought of to-day, but he failed to see it, for the double reason that he beclouded a universal theory by a narrow dogma, and also because a modern conception of man in his relation to nature had not yet dawned. It is not the first time that a narrow dogma has slain great possible

truth knocking at the door of faith, and so, in effect, has reversed the process in those who came to scoff but remained to pray.

A stronger but less interesting man, Professor Whewell, of Cambridge—of whom Sydney Smith said that “science was his forte and omniscience his foible”—finding that the seed sown by Chalmers had yielded a popular following on one side and skepticism on the other side, undertook to controvert his position in a book that called out a vast amount of debate, until its title, “Of the Plurality of Worlds,” became a household word in both continents. It would appear that Chalmers, along with Richard A. Proctor—an abler astronomer than either named—had held the field in spite of the fact that he himself in his old age discarded his own early logic. This state of things, both in science and theology, called out Whewell, who held back from nothing that needed mending in the whole circle of thought. But he contributed little more than Chalmers, and simply planted himself on the other side of the doctrinal question. The only thing to be remembered to-day is that one revealed himself as a strict Calvinist and the other as a Cambridge Latitudinarian.

Mr. Wallace, coming to the question a century later, plants himself on matter only, and relies upon its verdict that the stellar universe is void of life. At one point, though a scientist of the first order, he strangely holds to a theory that had some recognition a few years ago, but has little at present, that the stellar universe is finite and its extent is determinable, and that the plane of the Milky Way comprises it; that the solar system is not far from the center of the plane, and therefore the earth is nearly in the center of the stellar universe. This is interesting intelligence, if it is true, but the greatness of the elements of the problem and the smallness of the earth would seem to make it an audacious claim. One suspects some necromancy, or extra-scientific source of so accurate information—as when Swedenborg was asked how he could so accurately describe heaven and hell, he replied, “I have been there.” As for ourselves, we do not desire the infor-

mation, however won. If it could be proved that the stellar universe is finite, it would so react as to weaken belief in an infinite God. Limit the Creator in any way and the limitation would spread by suggestion to all his work. We are correlated to the infinite, and a finite creation throws us into confusion at all points. Mr. Wallace's probability irritates by defrauding us in such a way that the assurance that our world is the center of all worlds would not placate us if all the stars were given over to us. There is stored up in infinity, in its mystery and its reality, the inspiration by which we live.

No one to-day quarrels with science. If it demonstrates that the band of the Milky Way binds creation into one bundle, so be it. We must make the best of it, even if we are doomed to undergo the worst of it. It must be said, however, that this book, written with consummate care and sincerity of purpose, is not a cheerful message, and we could wish it had been briefer. As one reads along its clear pages, and between the lines finds not only the doom of mankind, but the universe vacant of life—except, perhaps, a solitary God—one asks why the proof is piled so high. One page is as effective as the three hundred and twenty, and the testimony of one science is as good as that of all. While the reader gains much knowledge, he asks to what profit, unless he is provoked to say, with Tennyson, that “nothing worthy of proving can be proved,” and in protest declares in its place, “I have felt.” Two voices speak through it—one of despair, and one that reacts in hope. If this planet is the center of the universe—and it, as well as any other, might hold this place—it yields us different thoughts from the claim of its being the only inhabited world. In that case, what will happen when, after a few æons are past, the only hearthstone of the universe falls into the sun and is burned up? So intolerable is the despair that settles upon us that we instinctively protest against Mr. Wallace's limitation within the Milky Way, and assert that every system, in its evolutionary process, must produce a planet that repeats every

physical and human phase of our own. A planet may die, but a lifeless universe!—“that way madness lies.” There is abundant probability of such a theory; the doctrine of chances favors it, because they are infinite. We have, to-day, a tenable theory of life that is human. When the first sign of organic life appeared upon the earth, it was as sure that it would end in ideal man as that the keel of a ship will come to be full-rigged and launched and sailed for some harbor. It is the logic of creation, and makes it explicable. As Mr. J. Brierley says, “Man himself is the great example of non-finality. In him all the kingdoms of Nature meet. He is a general exhibition of their systems of laws, and of their transcendence in succession by something higher. His bodily life, by its vitality, walks clean away from the whole law region of the inorganic world.”¹

If physical science sweeps the universe clear of all life by material tests, it leaves a vast realm of what may be called mind-stuff that points in an opposite direction, and abhors the vacuum of a dead or mindless universe. There need be no hesitation in passing by matter when discussing questions as to origin and destiny, not because it robs us of what we most need, but because it blocks mind in fulfilling its strongest instinct. But physical science itself is moving in that direction; it cannot free itself from its own complications except by recourse to spirit as at the bottom of all things. Matter is so fast running away from itself into something inexplicably fine and strong that it must bear some other name. Besides, as we grow less satisfied with attempts to find the origin of life in matter, we are less troubled over the probability that it determines our final destiny. Haeckel's “Riddle of the Universe”—not going beyond matter to explain it, failed to excite any thought over it. Man has never ceased to search for the cause and end of creation in the *source* of it: nothing can be more unreasonable, than to look for its explanation in its *processes* rather than in its *source* and *end*. This is admirably referred to in Stewart and

¹ “Christian World,” March 26, 1903.

Tait's "The Unseen Universe"—whose conception of it is that "it has developed by an intelligence resident in the unseen, and by scientific analogy returns to the spirituality of the unseen." In this pregnant sentence matter is regarded as an incident between the creation of man and his final destiny, while first and last he is himself spiritual and returns whence he came.

We are surprised on the last page of Mr. Wallace's book to find an admission that qualifies the tenor of the entire volume. He says: "Of course there may be, and probably are, other universes, perhaps of other kinds of matter and subject to other laws, perhaps more like our conception of the ether, perhaps wholly non-material, and what we can only conceive of as spiritual." This is the very thing we have demanded in our long imprisonment in matter in the previous pages—every sentence a knell of despair. Were there not so much well-stated science, we should be tempted to say that it nullifies all that has gone before. Another kind of universe, "wholly non-material"—to this we must go if we would know anything of our origin and destiny, or of human life between; for it is the spiritual that makes us human. It is here also that we can get any light both on immortality and possible life in other worlds. The two problems run together, but both hinge on life that is non-material—that is, on the reality of the Spirit as creative Will. The Spirit brooded on the waters and begot the world; it overshadowed humanity, and man was the son of God.

The Spirit is a mystery, but matter, if taken alone, is inexplicable. Tennyson makes an accurate distinction in his most used and perhaps farthest-reaching poem—"Flower in the crannied wall"—because it contains his greatest thought, which we take to be that there is a relation between the slightest thing in creation and the infinite Creator; and if that is known, all is known. A universe that is only a mystery, however beautiful or awful, can teach us nothing—as Job confessed; but the equally mysterious flower in the wall, and the still more mysterious being—man—can add light

to mystery, and even outshine the stars. For in man, whether his origin be in protoplasm or divine fiat, more volume of truth, more complexity of law, more singleness of purpose, are to be found than in the whole universe so far as we can get at it. A handful of earth from an ant-hill can tell us more of creative power and purpose than the entire solar system. More than this—we may go beyond the flower in the wall, and without an *if* say that in knowing man one may know God and well-nigh the secret of the whole machine—all worlds and all beings taken together.

It is a vain and useless undertaking—save for specific scientific purposes—to explore the sidereal universe to ascertain if it is habitable by man, and—finding that it is not—end the search with a bare negation. But when man is sounded to the depths of his being, and his history in the æons that have produced him is known, and the signs that he is keyed to some purpose outside of matter, and that he is himself conscious of a Being who made him—when all this is known, we are in a way to find out if it is possible or probable that he can live in other worlds, or live at all after death. For man is the key to this world; nothing has meaning until he appears, when all things are vested with reason why they are and what they are for. There is but one explanation of him. Ideal man carries with him our only conception of the Creator. The son of God becomes a natural phrase. Humanity easily turns to the Father in terms of oneness. Life's problems are solved, and the laws of the Father fit easily upon every son of man. If we go on to speculate and ask why man came to be, and why such a rapture of joy springs up when the ideal man appears, our last thought is that the inner power of his creation is God himself. Creation becomes a spiritual process, and matter is the stuff used. Thus we see the rhythmic play of his being—perhaps an eternal process—the swing away from himself in remotest matter and return to himself in his own image.

In such thoughts—justified by more than guesses, and by Scripture if read aright—we find the springs of love and

adoration and hope. Besides this, the keenest joy a true man can feel is to know his place in creation and find that he is embosomed in God and is one with him.

These thoughts have close relation to the question as to man's place in the universe—discussed by Mr. Wallace in terms of physical science, but without finding a sign of him except in this already well-known part of it. He looked in the wrong place—among the stars; it was too far off. The earth under our feet and the soul of man contain the secret of human destiny, if it is to be found anywhere. And it is so clear that it almost forces belief that a process so explanatory of life in this

world, and laying such hold on the Creator of the universe, must be repeated—infinity perhaps—in countless worlds where the same conditions exist as here. It is to-day generally believed that evolution is a universal law; it is the play of the universe. Therefore it is probable that if creation is a divine process in God himself, it is a universal process. It is better to think on such a question in harmony with the profoundest and most sacred laws we know, and in positive rather than in negative ways. Hence it may be true, as Tennyson says: "Many a planet by many a sun
May roll with the dust of a vanished race."
And if with a dead race, why not with a living one?

The Mountains

By Stewart Edward White

Author of "The Forest," "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.

XVI.—The Valley

ONCE upon a time I happened to be staying in a hotel room which had originally been part of a suite, but which was then cut off from the others by only a thin door through which sounds carried clearly. It was about eleven o'clock in the evening. The occupants of that next room came home. I heard the door open and close. Then the bed shrieked aloud as somebody fell heavily upon it. There breathed across the silence a deep, restful sigh.

"Mary," said a man's voice, "I'm mighty sorry I didn't join that Association for Artificial Vacations. They guarantee to get you just as tired and just as mad in two days as you could by yourself in two weeks."

We thought of that one morning as we descended the Glacier Point Trail in Yosemite.

The contrast we need not have made so sharp. We might have taken the regular wagon-road by way of Chinquapin, but we preferred to stick to the trail, and so encountered our first sign of civilization within a hundred yards

of the brink. It, the sign, was tourists. They were male and female, as the Lord had made them, but they had improved on that idea since. The women were freckled, hatted with alpines, in which edelweiss—artificial, I think—flowered in abundance; they sported severely plain flannel shirts, bloomers of an aggressive and unnecessary cut, and enormous square boots weighing pounds. The men had on hats just off the sun-bonnet effect, pleated Norfolk jackets, bloomers *ditto ditto* to the women, stockings whose tops rolled over innumerable times to help out the size of that which they should have contained, and also enormous square boots. The female children they put in skin-tight blue overalls. The male children they dressed in bloomers. Why this should be I cannot tell you. All carried toy hatchets with a spike on one end, built to resemble the pictures of alpenstocks.

They looked business-like, trod with an assured air of veterans, and a seeming of experience more extended than it was possible to pack into any one human life. We stared at them, our eyes bulging out. They painfully and evidently

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concealed a curiosity as to our pack-train. We wished them good-day, in order to see to what language heaven had fitted their extraordinary ideas as regards raiment. They inquired the way to something or other—I think Sentinel Dome. We had just arrived, so we did not know, but, in order to show a friendly spirit, we blandly pointed out *a* way. It may have led to Sentinel Dome for all I know. They departed uttering thanks in human speech.

Now this particular bunch of tourists was evidently staying at the Glacier Point, and so was fresh. But in the course of that morning we descended straight down a drop of, is it four thousand feet? The trail was steep and long and without water. During the descent we passed first and last probably twoscore of tourists, all on foot. A good half of them were delicate women— young, middle-aged, a few gray-haired and evidently upwards of sixty. There were also old men, and fat men, and men otherwise out of condition. Probably nine out of ten, counting in the entire outfit, were utterly unaccustomed, when at home where grow street-cars and hansoms, to even the mildest sort of exercise. They had come into the Valley, whose floor is over four thousand feet up, without the slightest physical preparation for the altitude. They had submitted to the fatigue of a long and dusty stage journey. And then they had merrily whooped it up at a gait which would have appalled seasoned old staggers like ourselves. Those blessed lunatics seemed positively unhappy unless they climbed up to some new point of view every day. I have never seen such a universally tired out, frazzled, vitally exhausted, white-faced, nervous community in my life as I did during our four days' stay in the Valley. Then probably they go away, and take a month to get over it, and have queer residual impressions of the trip. I should like to know what those impressions really are.

Not but that Nature has done everything in her power to oblige them. The things I am about to say are heresy, but I hold them true.

Yosemite is not as interesting nor as

satisfying to me as some of the other big box cañons, like those of the Tehipite, the Kings in its branches, or the Kaweah. I will admit that its waterfalls are better. Otherwise it possesses no features which are not to be seen in its sister valleys. And there is this difference. In Yosemite everything is jumbled together, apparently for the benefit of the tourist with a linen duster and but three days' time at his disposal. He can turn from the cliff-headland to the dome, from the dome to the half dome, to the glacier formation, the granite slide, and all the rest of it, with hardly the necessity of stirring his feet. Nature has put samples of all her works here within reach of his cataloguing vision. Everything is crowded in together, like a row of houses in forty-foot lots. The mere things themselves are here in profusion and wonder, but the appropriate spacing, the approach, the surrounding of subordinate detail which should lead in artistic gradation to the supreme feature—these things, which are a real and essential part of æsthetic effect, are lacking utterly for want of room. The place is not natural scenery; it is a junk-shop, a storehouse, a sample-room wherein the elements of natural scenery are to be viewed. It is not an arrangement of effects in accordance with the usual laws of landscape, but an abnormality, a freak of Nature.

All these things are to be found elsewhere. There are cliffs which to the naked eye are as grand as El Capitan; domes, half domes, peaks, as noble as any to be seen in the Valley; sheer drops as breath-taking as that from Glacier Point. But in other places each of these is led up to appropriately, and stands the central and satisfying feature to which all other things look. Then you journey on from your cliff, or whatever it happens to be, until, at just the right distance, so that it gains from the presence of its neighbor without losing from its proximity, a dome or a pinnacle takes to itself the right of prominence. I concede the waterfalls; but in other respects I prefer the sister valleys.

That is not to say that one should not visit Yosemite; nor that one will be disappointed. It is grand beyond any

possible human belief; and no one, even a nerve-frazzled tourist, can gaze on it without the strongest emotion. Only it is not so intimately satisfying as it should be. It is a show. You do not take it into your heart. "Whew!" you cry. "Isn't that a wonder!" then, after a moment, "Looks just like the photographs. Up to sample. Now let's go."

As we descended the trail, we and the tourists aroused in each other a mutual interest. One husband was trying to encourage his young and handsome wife to go on. She was beautifully dressed for the part in a marvelous, becoming costume of whipcord—short skirt, high laced elkskin boots, and the rest of it; but in all her magnificence she had sat down on the ground, her back to the cliff, her legs across the trail, and was so tired out that she could hardly muster interest enough to pull them in out of the way of our horses' hoofs. The man inquired anxiously of us how far it was to the top. Now it was a long distance to the top, but a longer to the bottom, so we lied a lie that I am sure was immediately forgiven us, and told them it was only a short climb. I should have offered them the use of Bullet, but Bullet had come far enough, and this was only one of a dozen such cases. In marked contrast was a jolly white-haired clergyman of the bishop type who climbed vigorously and hailed us with a shout.

The horses were decidedly unaccustomed to any such sights, and we sometimes had our hands full getting them by on the narrow way. The trail was safe enough, but it did have an edge, and that edge jumped pretty straight off. It was interesting to observe how the tourists acted. Some of them were perfect fools, and we had more trouble with them than we did with the horses. They could not seem to get the notion into their heads that all we wanted them to do was to get on the inside and stand still. About half of them were terrified to death, so that at the crucial moment, just as a horse was passing them, they had little fluttering panics that called the beast's attention. Most of the remainder tried to be bold and help. They reached out the hand of

assistance toward the halter rope; the astonished animal promptly snorted, tried to turn around, cannoned against the next in line. Then there was a mix-up. Two tall, clean-cut, well-bred looking girls of our slim patrician type offered us material assistance. They seemed to understand horses, and got out of the way in the proper manner, did just the right thing, and made sensible suggestions. I offer them my homage.

They spoke to us as though they had penetrated the disguise of long travel, and could see we were not necessarily members of Burt Alvord's gang. This phase, too, of our descent became increasingly interesting to us, a species of gauge by which we measured the perceptions of those we encountered. Most did not speak to us at all. Others responded to our greetings with a reserve in which was more than a tinge of distrust. Still others patronized us. A very few overlooked our faded flannel shirts, our soiled trousers, our floppy old hats with their rattlesnake bands, the wear and tear of our equipment, to respond to us heartily. Them in return we generally perceived to belong to our totem.

We found the floor of the Valley well sprinkled with campers. They had pitched all kinds of tents; built all kinds of fancy permanent conveniences; erected all kinds of banners and signs advertising their identity, and were generally having a nice, easy, healthful, jolly kind of a time up there in the mountains. Their outfits they had either brought in with their own wagons, or had had freighted. The store near the bend of the Merced supplied all their needs. It was truly a pleasant sight to see so many people enjoying themselves, for they were mostly those in moderate circumstances, to whom a trip on tourist lines would be impossible. We saw bakers' and grocers' and butchers' wagons that had been pressed into service. A man, his wife, and little baby, had come in an ordinary buggy, the one horse of which, led by the man, carried the woman and baby to the various points of interest.

We reported to the official in charge, were allotted a camping and grazing

place, and proceeded to make ourselves at home.

During the next two days we rode comfortably here and there, and looked at things. The things could not be spoiled, but their effect was very materially marred by the swarms of tourists. Sometimes they were silly, and cracked inane and obvious jokes in ridicule of the grandest objects they had come so far to see; sometimes they were detestable, and left their insignificant calling-cards or their unimportant names where nobody could ever have any object in reading them; sometimes they were pathetic and helpless, and had to have assistance; sometimes they were amusing; hardly ever did they seem entirely human. I wonder what there is about the traveling public that seems so to set it apart, to make of it at least a sub-species of mankind?

Among other things, we were vastly interested in the guides. They were typical of this sort of thing. Each morning one of these men took a pleasantly awe-stricken band of tourists out, led them around in the brush awhile, and brought them back in time for lunch. They wore broad hats and leather bands and exotic raiment and fierce expressions, and looked dark and mysterious and extra-competent over the most trivial of difficulties.

Nothing could be more instructive than to see two or three of these imitation bad men starting out in the morning to "guide" a flock, say to Nevada Falls. The tourists, being about to mount, have outdone themselves in weird and awesome clothes—especially the women. Nine out of ten wear their stirrups too short, so their knees are hunched up. One guide rides at the head—great deal of silver spur, clanking chain, and the rest of it. Another rides in the rear. The third rides up and down the line, very gruff, very preoccupied, very care-worn over the dangers of the way. The cavalcade moves. It proceeds for about a mile. There arise sudden cries, great but subdued excitement. The leader stops, raising a commanding hand. Guide number three gallops up. There is a consultation. The cinch-strap of the brindle shave-tail is taken up two

inches. A catastrophe has been averted. The noble three look volumes of relief. The cavalcade moves again.

Now the trail rises. It is a nice, safe, easy trail. But to the tourists it is made terrible. The noble three see to that. They pass more dangers by the exercise of superhuman skill than you or I could discover in a summer's close search. The joke of the matter is that those forty-odd saddle-animals have been over that trail so many times that one would have difficulty in heading them off from it once they got started.

Very much the same criticism would hold as to the popular notion of the Yosemite stage-drivers. They drive well, and seem efficient men. But their wonderful reputation would have to be upheld on rougher roads than those into the Valley. The tourist is, of course, encouraged to believe that he is doing the hair-breadth escape; but in reality, as mountain travel goes, the Yosemite stage-road is very mild.

This that I have been saying is not by way of depreciation. But it seems to me that the Valley is wonderful enough to stand by itself in men's appreciation without the unreality of sickly sentimentalism in regard to imaginary dangers, or the histrionics of playing wilderness where no wilderness exists.

As we went out, this time by the Chinquapin wagon-road, we met one stage-load after another of tourists coming in. They had not yet donned the outlandish attire they believe proper to the occasion, and so showed for what they were—prosperous, well-bred, well-dressed travelers. In contrast to their smartness, the brilliancy of new-painted stages, the dash of the horses maintained by the Yosemite Stage Company, our own dusty, travel-worn outfit of mountain ponies, our own rough clothes, patched and faded, our sheath-knives and firearms, seemed out of place and curious, as though a knight in mediæval armor were to ride down Broadway.

I do not know how many stages there were. We turned our pack-horses out for them all, dashing back and forth along the line, coercing the diabolical Dinkey. The road was too smooth. There were no obstructions to surmount;

no dangers to avert; no difficulties to avoid. We could not get into trouble, but proceeded as on a county turnpike. Too tame, too civilized, too representative of the tourist element, it ended by getting on our nerves. The wilderness seemed to have left us forever. Never would we get back to our own again. After a long time, Wes, leading, turned into our old trail branching off to the high country. Hardly had we traveled

a half-mile before we heard from the advance guard a crash and a shout.

"What is it, Wes?" we yelled.

In a moment the reply came—

"Lily's fallen down again—thank heaven!"

We understood what he meant. By this we knew that the tourist zone was crossed, that we had left the show country for good and all, and were once more in the open.

The Smallest American Possession¹

By George Kennan

FIVE days out from Honolulu, we caught sight of the small, reef-encircled sand-dune which is known, on account of its geographical position, as "Midway"—the smallest bit of land, perhaps, over which the Stars and Stripes float, and certainly the most dreary and desolate place inhabited by man in all the broad Pacific. Before the acquisition of the Philippines, not one American in ten thousand, probably, was aware of the fact that the United States owned territory in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, nearly thirty-five hundred miles west of San Francisco; and yet the little atoll then known as "Brooks Island" had belonged to us for nearly forty years. It had no inhabitants, and therefore required no colonial administration, but it was, nevertheless, the first colonial possession that we acquired in the Pacific, away from the mainland, and for many years it was our remotest outpost in the direction of the Orient. Captain N. C. Brooks, of the American ship *Gambia*, discovered it in 1859, and although it was a mere sand-heap, less than two miles across, and seemed to be absolutely worthless, he prudently annexed it, in the name of the United States, and took such formal steps as were necessary to establish a national claim to it.

For the next thirty years it remained uninhabited and almost unvisited; but

in 1867 it was examined by Captain Reynolds, of the United States cruiser *Lackawanna*, and in 1888, if I remember rightly, a Norwegian ship was wrecked on it, and her survivors lived there for a period of about two years, gaining a scanty subsistence by collecting birds' eggs and catching fish. They were finally seen and taken off by the crew of a Japanese merchant vessel who were cruising about in that part of the Pacific in search of guano deposits. Before their rescue, they had drawn up and buried in a bottle a brief record of their experience, with directions for obtaining brackish but drinkable water, and the names of three or four castaways who had already perished from hardship and exposure. This record was written, doubtless, at a time when they had no expectation of ever being found. It was discovered, long afterward, by the officers of one of our naval vessels who were engaged in making a survey of the little atoll and running a line of soundings around its barrier-reef.

Shortly before the annexation of the Hawaiian group, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company caused an examination to be made of the island with a view to its possible utilization as a coaling station; but this idea was finally abandoned on account of the difficulty of taking lighters in and out through the narrow, rock-obstructed channel which breaks the circle of the reef on the western side, and affords the only means of access to the shallow water of the lagoon. When the trans-Pacific cable was pro-

¹ Mr. Kennan's journey to Japan as special representative of *The Outlook* was made as a guest on the United States Government transport *Buford*, a slow but decidedly interesting method of traveling. This account of Midway Island is from a letter describing the trans-Pacific voyage.—THE EDITORS.

jected, however, this insignificant bit of United States territory in the vast watery solitude of the Western Ocean suddenly acquired importance and value; and in 1903—more than forty years after its discovery—it was made a cable repeating-station, and became, for the first time, an inhabited place. It now has a population of ten or twelve men—nearly all cable operators—and one solitary woman.

As seen from a distance of three or four miles, Midway Island looks like a low, undulating drift of marble-dust, diversified with rounded, bush-covered hillocks, and encircled by a barrier-reef of jagged coral rock, ten or twelve miles in circumference, over which the huge Pacific rollers break incessantly in clouds of spray and mist. Between the reef and the island there is a shallow lagoon half a mile to a mile across, whose tranquil water varies in color from pea-green to a brilliant peacock-emerald, and contrasts strangely with the dark ultramarine blue of the outer ocean. The low island which lies within these concentric circles of green water and flashing surf is composed wholly of disintegrated coral; and if it were not for the blackish, bush-covered hillocks which relieve, to some extent, its glaring whiteness, it would suggest a long, undulating drift of Siberian snow transported in some miraculous way to the tropics, and set afloat in a smooth, green, reef-encircled lagoon under the burning sun of the equator. The highest part of the island is only forty-three feet above the level of the ocean, and if it were not inclosed and protected by the rocky circle of the barrier-reef, the great seas raised by tempests in this part of the Pacific would go entirely over it. Even in comparatively pleasant weather the windward side of the island is half hidden from sight by a mist of fine spray which blows across the lagoon from the crests of the huge breakers on the outer reef.

Steaming slowly and cautiously around the northern end of the atoll to the mouth of the channel that opens into the lagoon on the western side, we stopped at a distance of four hundred yards from an outlying ledge of rock over which the sea was breaking heavily,

and looked eagerly shoreward across the strip of bright green water that separated the barrier-reef from the island. Amid the snowlike drifts of coral sand we could see four dingy, weather-beaten houses with roofs of rusty red, and under a flagstaff bearing the Stars and Stripes, on the summit of the highest knoll, we could just make out the figures of half a dozen men who were watching us with marine glasses. We ran up a string of signal flags to inquire whether they could send out a boat, and were informed that none of their boats were fit for use. We therefore lowered two of our own, put into them a ton or more of provisions and a sack of mail, and started them shoreward under command of the second and fourth officers. There was a heavy swell; a strong northerly breeze was raising whitecaps even on the protected surface of the lagoon; and it soon became apparent that the boats' crews would find it extremely difficult to keep off the barrier-reef while entering the mouth of the channel. I watched them for an hour or more as the steamer drifted slowly away from the island, but finally lost sight of them in the heavy breaking sea at the entrance to the lagoon.

About twelve o'clock we got under way again, and ran back to our former position opposite the opening in the barrier-reef. From that point of view we could see the two boats' crews still struggling with the strong wind and heavy sea that swept past the mouth of the channel, and making, apparently, no progress whatever. Every time they turned broadside to the wind and attempted to get into the lagoon they were swept down toward the end of the barrier-reef, over which the sea was breaking to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. Then they had to pull dead to windward for half an hour, in order to recover ground that they had lost in a leeward drift of ten minutes.

At one o'clock, after three hours of steady rowing, in the course of which they had barely succeeded in keeping off the rocks, they abandoned the attempt to get into the lagoon and headed for the ship. Twenty minutes later they came aboard, tired, discouraged, and

drenched from head to foot with spray, and reported that in existing conditions of wind and sea it was impossible to make a landing, or even to get heavily loaded boats through the opening in the barrier-reef. Captain Hall then ran up a string of signal flags to inform the islanders that the attempt to get into the lagoon had failed, and to inquire whether they were urgently in need of food. They replied that they were entirely out of vegetables, but had provisions enough of other kinds to last them about a week. They asked us to stand by for a day or two and make another attempt; but as the wind and sea were rising, and breakers were beginning to appear in the channel—in twenty-four feet of water—Captain Hall decided to abandon the undertaking and proceed on his voyage. The islanders were in no danger of starving to death, because fish were abundant in the lagoon, and it was the understanding with the War Department and the cable authorities that, if our attempt to land provisions should be unsuccessful, the United States seagoing tug *Iroquois* would be sent with a fresh supply from Honolulu.

At a little after two o'clock we hoisted a "good-by" flag and steamed slowly away from the island, leaving the little band of exiles without the provisions that they had expected us to give them, and without the mail to which they had been looking forward for months. As long as I could see the white, desolate sand-dune through a powerful glass, the little group of men was standing motionless at the foot of the flagstaff, watching our departure, and feeling, doubtless, in their hearts all the bitterness of disappointed hope. I had no control, of course, over the movements of our steamer, but I felt almost as if we were abandoning a crew of shipwrecked men on a desert island in the least frequented part of the Pacific, and as if I, personally, had a share in the responsibility and the guilt of such desertion. It was almost impossible to realize or believe that they were in closer touch with the civilized world than we were, and that their news of the Russo-Japanese war was three weeks later than ours.

The life of the cable operators on this remote, verdureless sand-dune in mid-ocean is perhaps more lonely and dreary than that of any other telegraphers in the world. They are off all the regular routes of both steamers and sailing-vessels; they are visited by government transports or supply ships only at long and uncertain intervals; and for many months at a time they see nothing but sand and water, and hear nothing but the cries of sea birds and the eternal crashing of the surf on the great circle of the barrier-reef. They are almost as completely isolated from the world as if they were so many shipwrecked Crusoes; and yet all the news of the world passes daily through their hands.

If this little colony on Midway Island is to be supplied with food by government transports going to and from the Philippines, it seems to me that it should be equipped with a suitable steam launch capable of running out through the opening in the barrier-reef in all ordinary weather, and of towing, if necessary, a good-sized surf-boat or lighter. The boats of the transports are not adapted to such work; their crews are not familiar with the reefs and channels; there are no buoys or range-marks to guide them; and they are not experienced boatmen. A crew of Kanakas, or a man-of-war's crew, would probably have succeeded in getting into the lagoon and landing the stores; but the sailors of the *Buford*, most of whom were inexperienced men picked up in the streets of San Francisco, were utterly unable to do so, and might easily have met with disaster. If the islanders had a powerful steam launch of their own, their knowledge of the reefs, channels, and local conditions would enable them to run out to a transport, in any ordinary weather, get their stores, and land them on the island without serious difficulty or risk; but if the present method be followed, there is more than a possibility that a boat's crew from a transport will sooner or later be lost on the barrier-reef.

It seems to me, furthermore, that Midway Island should be provided with a light. It is so low and so nearly invisible at night that a captain who has not had an observation in two or three

days may easily make a mistake as to his position and run his vessel on the barrier-reef in the darkness. No prudent captain, of course, would run for such an island in the night if he believed himself to be anywhere near it; but the determination of one's position by astronomical observation is not always possible, dead reckoning is untrustwor-

thy, and more than one American ship has been wrecked in the night on such low-lying atolls as Ocean Island and Midway. A second-class light on a skeleton frame would not cost much, and it might pay for itself over and over again by being instrumental in saving a first-class transport with hundreds of soldiers on board.

The Country Pastor: His Problems and Rewards

By the Rev. Arthur Goodenough

MY theme is the country pastor. I have great admiration for the city pastor, and hope he will not feel hurt if, for lack of time and knowledge, I fail to give him the attention he deserves. With the utmost friendliness of feeling we are, any of us, liable to ignore somebody.

That I may get through with the less pleasant details as soon as possible, I will begin with the limitations and hindrances of the country pastor.

He has personal limitations. An as-sorting takes place at the beginning of our ministerial life. The city and village churches, with their greater needs and opportunities, call to themselves the men eminent in scholarship and ability, and to a considerable extent those who, by patrimony or matrimony, have large financial resources.

Even the country pastor cannot be wholly destitute of abilities. The smallest and poorest country church will insist on an educated man and one who does some real thinking, but, to begin with, the country minister is only an average man, with education, and it is to be hoped with faith and consecration of purpose. Being human and with only average abilities, he is as likely to be influenced and changed by his surroundings as he is to bring to pass a great change in the people to whom he ministers. It is often the church rather than the seminary that makes the minister. Being human and with high aspirations, he is liable to get into trouble by

overestimating his powers and trying to accomplish beneficent changes in a conservative community in a single year which would require at least a generation—probably the community on which he experiments has already been practiced on by many other beginners, and sends him on to other fields somewhat discouraged and discredited. The country pastor needs a strong faith, a fellowship with the living God, and a belief in social evolution to work out his mission successfully under his personal limitations.

He must also carry on his work with limited financial resources. Money to-day, even more than in Solomon's time, "answereth all things." It has come to be a convenient tool for achieving all desirable results. The educated man of to-day has come into contact with a social order accustomed to large expenditure. He has acquired tastes that only a considerable income can gratify. He may take with him to his parish a wife who also has cultivated tastes, and, no matter how ready she is for sacrifices, he has a laudable desire to make her surroundings pleasant. There are in Connecticut eighty-five Congregational churches which pay their minister a salary of six hundred dollars or less, and do not provide for house rent in addition. From personal knowledge I am sure that it is not so much the stinginess as the actual poverty of congregations that so limits the income.

Now, assuming that the man is conse-

crated and spiritual-minded, and sustained by the sympathy of a woman better than himself—and this can, for the most part, safely be assumed—yet the daily consideration of what can be had for the money, and what cannot be had, will ultimately have its effect on the inner life of the man and upon his sermons. He may become a saint, but the chances are against it. He may develop a financial ability which will make him the father of prospective multi-millionaires—I have known such instances. He is, perhaps, more likely to become a restless man, looking for a better place; by and by a soured and discouraged and envious man, who does not build up the church to which he ministers, because he does not give the people the cheering, comforting gospel that we always need everywhere, and especially in the small country place. If, according to the theory now prevalent, he should have refused charitable help in getting his education, and, like many doctors and laymen who are looking forward to several times his income, should begin his professional life with a debt of two or three thousand dollars, he might, in some way, start with a feeling of larger manliness; but how he would achieve larger success in a country pastorate I cannot imagine.

The ideal country parish has but one church and one minister. There are, in fact, many parishes divided by denominational rivalry. In such cases the poverty of the church and the smallness of the congregation are unnecessarily accentuated, but the work of the preacher is greatly simplified, as he has a classified audience. In the larger places, where many churches exist side by side, each comes naturally to have its own characteristic way of thinking and working. When the minister has been selected to suit, he can follow out his own specialties with zeal and success, having only his own kind of people to please. In a small parish denominationally divided the minister may in a similar way develop his theological idiosyncrasies fearlessly. If, on the other hand, he is responsible for the Christian training of a whole community, speaking to people of all grades of intelligence, of a large

variety in religious thinking, representing several different races and languages, he will need to cultivate an amicable mode of statement, and to devote himself mainly to practical Christianity at the expense of his sectarian taste and sympathies. Of course theoretically a preacher of the Gospel must proclaim a message from above without fear or favor, but being actually dependent on his congregation for a living, he will preach what does not give serious offense to any of his hearers, or he will lose the support of one after another until he finds it necessary to seek another parish. Hence every country pastor is more or less circumscribed and limited by the diversified tastes and opinions of men who are liable to be both narrow and strenuous in their religious and political beliefs.

Leaving behind the hindrances and difficulties, I am glad to speak next of some of the advantages and privileges of the country pastor's life.

To the right kind of man even hindrances and limitations may become helps to ultimate success. "Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," and "We know that to them that love God all things work together for good."

Personal limitations may give one content in a narrow field and sympathy with his people in their struggle with hard conditions, may be a help to gaining their sympathy, and may make of him in the long run a larger and better man. For instance, fluency of speech, which makes a young minister more acceptable to congregations and better satisfied with himself, may after a time make him lazy or conceited, or both together, and so hinder a successful life-work. I have no doubt that lack of facility in speaking, and fear of an audience, has driven many a pastor to such strenuous and persistent effort that he has become a stronger man and a more influential preacher. Difficulties are things to be overcome, and one who undertakes to lead a community in Christian life and service should have the grace to accept his own limitations, and use them in his work.

There are advantages to the country pastor in his poverty and his struggles to make life effective with limited means. Most of his parishioners are still poorer, and the man can best help them who understands them best, and who is drawn into sympathy with them by the stress of a like experience. Some farmers get discouraged until debt and shiftlessness become chronic. The minister cannot afford to be in debt. He must be an example of thrift and cheerfulness to all around him, and always pay cash. What is his Christian faith good for if he cannot? By his example and his sympathy he promotes thrift and cheerfulness in his parish. I have no doubt the country pastor makes his people rich, according to the money standard, by more than the average amount of his salary.

This is a foundation for something far better. He is to teach his people that a high standard of manhood is possible without much money, and that what we are in the world for is to fulfill the measure of manhood and service according to the grand possibilities set before us in the Gospel, the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." The Master of us all was a working man, and he did not lay by money. Manhood is the essential thing, and the highest manhood is just as nearly within the reach of the poorest country boy as of the millionaire. It is the business of the country minister to believe this himself, and by his life as well as his words to keep the right ideal before the minds of his people.

Every country pastor has an opportunity to train to a conquering life many who will not leave and ought not to leave the parish in which they were born. He has a chance to send out other young people to fill a larger place in the world, and in that larger place to contend victoriously for the highest ideals of Christian living. His own poverty rightly accepted and used may help onward this good work, and prove him a faithful disciple of him who "for your sakes became poor that you through his poverty might become rich."

A necessity of securing the approval of all in the parish because they are so few that the loss of one cannot be afforded

may restrict the freedom of theological preaching if the method of that preaching is combative and destructive, and the preacher enjoys holding up to ridicule all who differ.

The minister is not smart who by the time he leaves the theological seminary has not made, or at least discovered, some improvement in theology or Biblical interpretation which overshadows all that was known or believed before his time. He would rightly look upon himself as a coward and sneak if he should withhold or suppress this new truth. When I was young, there was a satisfaction in having the preacher show that other denominations did not have a foot to stand on. They are now dealt with courteously, but the old-fashioned thinkers in our own communion are often regarded as good game. I wish to enlarge a little at this point because I have had experiences which were costly in their time, and have learned some lessons.

The first is, that the congregation, or even its most conservative members, do not know as much of the bad old theology as might be expected, and usually not enough to do them any hurt. They have heard it preached by good men, recognize it by a few catchwords, think of it with respect as they ought, and wish to have it treated with respect. One may drop theological terms, deal reverently with the past, and begin with the primary department in training men, women, and children to sound thinking and right methods of thinking. This will arouse interest, and you will find it safe to do as good constructive work as you are capable of. This method will make no trouble, and very likely, after a fifty years' pastorate, one could truly use the Master's words, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now."

A second lesson is, that there can be a vast amount of faithful Gospel preaching and valuable religious instruction which rests on a theological basis so simple and fundamental that no disparaging word need be said of Baptist, Methodist, Adventist, Roman Catholic, or Calvinist. It is worth while to have found this out.

It is also a fact worth knowing that all Christians have equal rights in the Church, and one of these rights is to be treated with brotherly love and courtesy. When I was a young minister, and told my oldest deacon that every Christian in our community ought to be received into our church cordially on the sole ground of loyalty to Jesus Christ, and for no other reason, it caused him some surprise; but, after carefully thinking it over, he accepted the principle. "Yes," said he, "it is right to take them in, but they must be told not to advocate their peculiar opinions." I replied, "We cannot have two classes of Christians in our church. If I am to be free to say what I think, every other shall be equally free, and if we cannot speak our thoughts frankly, with love and courtesy, we will ask each other's forgiveness, and start anew." When the country pastor has rightly learned these things, he can be trusted to be faithful to the truth and faithful to his people, without being less, but more, of a man, because he is compelled "to bear gently with the ignorant and erring, for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity." Faithful to his convictions without making them causes of division in his congregation, his restrictions and limitations may be turned into means of final success if he deals with them as a wise servant of Jesus Christ.

The country pastor has some special advantages. The country itself is one of them. There is room for his feet to move and his thoughts to grow. If God can speak to a man anywhere and be heard, it is in the quiet walks of a country life.

There are seasons of leisure for study. If he needs books, there are libraries now accessible in many places. There are also valuable lines of study open to him that do not call for many books. Local history furnishes good mental exercise and is an excellent means of arousing an interest that will be a source of unity and public spirit in the parish. It is as important that the school-children in every neighborhood should know something of the great and good men or women that have once lived in their own

vicinity, as that they shall be able to name the Presidents of the United States. It will pay the minister to make himself thoroughly acquainted with this local knowledge and to teach it.

The social problems are now to the fore, and every country pastor has opportunity for sociological studies that will make him an expert if he knows how rightly to use his advantages for original research. If he likes studying people better than pastoral visiting, perhaps the results will be just as satisfactory, and the process more enjoyable. The study of people is fascinating as well as useful, and country life furnishes many unspoiled specimens.

If some specialty more remote from the daily task is desired, the country pastor may take up botany, mineralogy, ornithology, or entomology, with the best facilities for making himself an authority. Many ministers have done splendid original work in such ways. My own specialty has been weeds, as I am the possessor of a small plot of ground in which they have flourished.

Aside from study, various avocations are open, and some pastors pursue them with profit. Notwithstanding the rule that "they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," even Paul himself sometimes supplemented his salary by tent-making. There are times when a similar course seems incumbent on the country pastor. Of course there is danger that the avocation will absorb energy that should be given to the vocation, but there are dangers also for the minister who has absolutely nothing to occupy him outside his routine of preaching and pastoral work. One great peril is laziness and a dwindling of unused force. Another is worry, when he lies awake nights wondering how he can send his boy to college. Either of these things is worse than a fair amount of work that is not strictly pastoral in its character.

The most usual resort is to the land, of which the country has an abundance easily accessible. The minister may raise vegetables for family use, hay and grain for his horse, and cut wood for the need of his household, without being regarded as doing anything improper, or

defrauding his parish in the use of his time. Such occupation may, to some extent, supplement his salary and help give manual training to his children, something essential to a complete education, and for which city ministers have few facilities.

In a community devoted to farming it is natural that the minister should wish to show his people how to do their work better. If he tills a garden or a few acres of land, he may make his work an object-lesson to the whole neighborhood. His parishioners will be proud of him and take a new interest in his preaching when they see how he surpasses them in work they understand best. This is the ideal which I hope some fulfill, but I must admit that I have not seen it exemplified. More often the closer attention given to spiritual things seems to unfit a man for marked success in things material, and the passer-by looks at the parson's garden with a smile of superiority which yet does not destroy his respect for the preaching, for he says it does pretty well for a minister. The care of a garden furnishes a good many sermon illustrations which every one in the congregation can readily understand.

Some ministers do a good thing with small fruits or poultry. They go well together. If one keeps poultry and lives near neighbors, he will get some additional points in sociology. If any man or woman complains to me of the depraved character of those who live next door, I usually interrupt with a question about the hens.

The country minister who stays in his parish has an opportunity to plan his work and train his workers for results that will reach beyond his own lifetime. A great trouble with him is that so often he does not stay. He gets tired and wants a better field before he has found out half the mines of wealth that are just under the surface right where he is. He wastes his substance in moving and does not better himself. A good many of his parishioners are doing the same thing at the same time. There occur instances where the man is a misfit or has made a mistake and ought not to stay, but one of the worst things

about country parishes to-day is that a great part of the population is in a state of flux, just passing through and prospecting. The minister should do his best to stop the drift and not to become a part of it.

If he stays, he has good material from which to train helpers and build up a church that will be a fortress for permanently sustaining all good influence. That is much, but not all. His principal mission and that of his church is to raise up men and women of high Christian character and a living faith in God who shall go to the cities and the prosperous manufacturing villages, and there stand for righteousness in the creation and control of wealth and the development of social progress. This is what the country pastors and churches have been doing. It is what they must continue to do if our country is to keep up a high standard of citizenship and do its part in the redemption of the world.

I have said some of the most obvious things about the country pastor and his work, his hindrances and advantages. In closing I wish to call attention to his great personal privileges and rewards. I cannot do it adequately, but feel compelled to say something.

The country pastor has the best and safest chance I know anything about to make of himself the man God meant him to be. This is the real blessedness of life. The man may be a failure even in a country parish, but if he fail there he would fail anywhere.

If he has children—and they are the best of Heaven's gifts—he can train them for best possibilities in life more surely and safely in a country parsonage than in any other place on earth.

He is making investments in the kingdom of God. A few of the young people whom he is helping to a right start will stay with him and sustain him by their love and fellowship in his declining years and hand down his influence to other generations.

Some will pass onward to the unseen world and beckon him upward to its unfading glories. Most will go out into the wide world to do work of which he will be proud. It is at first a great trial to see them go, but he grows to realize

that in this way he is doing his largest work for the world's welfare. It must be a small parish indeed if he does not send forth an average of more than one efficient Christian worker each year. There will be some of them of larger capacity and fitted to do a greater work than himself, while except for him their life and influence might have been lost or misdirected. How much he has counted for he cannot know, but in fellowship with his Master he comes to have a subordinate though real ownership in souls, an ownership of love.

When the years come in which he must lay aside his official responsibility, he has an opportunity for rest which is not idleness, and oftentimes his presence in the congregation is a silent benedic-

tion to the people among whom he has lived, and it may be a continuous Gospel sermon better than he ever preached from the pulpit.

I am entirely ready to believe that the city pastor may be fairly entitled to a larger and higher position in heaven, may be made ruler over many things, as over ten cities, but the country pastor even here may enter into the joy of his Lord, and will not be envious there if he may have a quiet residence by the rivers of the water of life and beneath the shade of the trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. So far as I can see, there is nothing better in this world for any man who is called to it than the life and work of a country pastor.

A Portrait of Carlyle—by Himself¹

THE "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" are very interesting reading to any one who is fond of character study. They are doubly interesting reading to any one who has ever been drawn to Thomas Carlyle as a heroic and at the same time an enigmatical character. In these letters Thomas Carlyle interprets himself. They are to his wife, his mother, his most intimate friends. They are sometimes revelations of his own inner life, sometimes counsel to others based on his own experiences; sometimes, though less frequently, mere chatty, gossipy, narrative and descriptive letters. Even in this aspect they are not uninteresting. The admirer of George Eliot is perplexed by the prosaic character of her letters as they appear in her *Life*, edited by her husband. One can hardly understand how such a genius could have written letters so commonplace. The most natural explanation is that she needed the stimulus of an audience to put her upon her mettle, that her work was in a true sense artificial rather than spontaneous. On the other hand, the letters of Robert Browning make it evident that his style was natural, not arti-

ficial, that he had to fight against the tendency to a gnarled and complicated style, and that, on the other hand, the philosophy which he expresses in his poems was the natural and spontaneous expression of his own experience. Carlyle's letters are all Carlylean; they are from the pen that wrote "*Sartor Resartus*" and "*The French Revolution*." The defects and the excellences of his style, the defects and the excellences of his thought, are all here. It is perfectly clear after reading these letters that what men have sometimes thought was artificial in his composition was spontaneous. He writes with the same exaggerated emphasis to his friends as to the public. In one epistle he naïvely explains that quality of his style which has made "*The French Revolution*" an object of admiration to some readers and a hopeless and incoherent tangle to others:

For two or three days I am to have the most perfect rest now. Then Louis is to be tried and guillotined; then the Gironde, etc., etc.: it all stands pretty fair in my head; nor do I mean to *investigate* much more about it, but to splash down what I know in large masses of colors; that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance—which it is.

Certainly he succeeded in making the French Revolution look like "a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance."

¹ *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited and Annotated by Alexander Carlyle. 2 vols. John Lane, New York.

He writes in colors, if not in "large masses of colors," in descriptive letters to his mother and his wife, no less than when he is writing for the public. Take, for example, this picture of Daniel Webster :

A terrible, beetle-browed, mastiff-mouthed, yellow-skinned, broad-bottomed, grim-taciturn individual; with a pair of dull-cruel-looking black eyes, and as much Parliamentary intellect and silent rage in him, I think, as I have ever seen in any man. Some fun too; and readiness to speak in drawling, didactic, handfast style about "our Republican institutions."

Or, for illustration of a lighter style, this account, in a letter to his mother, of a soirée :

We are very quiet in general; yet the other week, Jane audaciously got up a thing called *soirée* one evening; that is to say, a Party of Persons who have little to do except wander through a room or rooms, and hustle and simmer about, all talking to one another as they best can. It seemed to me a most questionable thing for the Leddy, this; however, she was drawn into it insensibly, could not get retreated: so it took effect; between 20 and 30 entirely brilliant bits of personages; and really it all went off in the most successful manner: at midnight I smoked a peaceable pipe, praying that it might be long before we saw the like again.

Only a literary artist could make such a picture as he makes in a letter to his wife, describing a day at Kirkcaldy, where he is visiting friends. The description occupies what probably even in his fine handwriting amounted to three or four large letter pages; a few sentences here must serve as an illustration :

I awake generally above an hour too early, but put off the time in some tolerable way; this morning, for example, at half-past seven, I sallied out in blustering wind, and plunged myself into the sea, an adventurous but rather successful step, which perhaps when there is not rain I shall repeat. Shaving and deliberate dressing carries one on to nine o'clock, when some kind of thing (a gong, I think) gives a huge low growl somewhere in the lower premises and indicates that Breakfast is on the table. A most plenteous breakfast, in the many good things of which, except tea and coffee (with some eminent ham), I must hesitate to partake. Slowly with some loose conversation we breakfast; a certain old Surgeon, one Johnston (the Edinburgh Bailie's brother) stalks in daily, with hardly any speech at all, to look at the newspaper, and stalks out again:

they say he has done it daily these fifteen years! Our breakfast done, the ladies leave us for the drawing-room; and after a due space, we remaining two do also withdraw, John to his counting-house or to his farms till five in the afternoon, I to my own premises or to the drawing-room, or whither I list.

This letter, by the way, indicates the kind of attention his wife gets from him when they are absent—long letters and frequent letters are they, and often tender and loving, though with a somewhat rough kind of tenderness, as in this letter from him in Chelsea to his wife in the country :

Splash away in the shower-bath; drink new milk (with a little brandy in it); tolerate the Country gossips; possess your wearied soul in patience; and come back to me rested and well, and *all* will be well. Hast thou recovered any hope? O thou of little faith!

Or, again, this letter from himself in the country to his wife in Chelsea :

I give thee a kiss for this day and say, God bless thee, thou sharp-tempered Goody. I will add a word to-morrow.

Thine, dear Jean, ever and ever,

T. C.

From this added word written "to-morrow" we pick out three characteristic sentences :

Write, dear Goody, as I bid thee. Forget my biliary temper, remember only the poor heart that does mean truly by thee. And be good to me, thou dear Goody!

Carlyle has been called a bear. Bearish, hirsute, rough, rugged, and often growling he was; but if a bear, he was a tender-hearted, affectionate, loving bear, as his letters to that strange, morbid, needlessly jealous, yet devotedly loving wife of his abundantly show; tender-hearted, not to his wife only, but not less so to his mother. A good son is a good man. The son whose education, widening horizon, city life, great fame, multitudes of friends, do nothing to draw him away from the patient, loving, loyal, but narrow-minded mother, who has never escaped from the treadmill of her peasant life, is a good son and a good man. What sort of son he was these letters reveal. A paragraph from one of them must suffice here to show his appreciation of her, and his

tenderness and tact in expressing that appreciation:

Chelsea, Monday, 19th Oct., 1840.

My dear Mother—

Take a short word from me rather than none. Your dear little Letter has just arrived here; many thanks for it! Not one of them writes a more compact little epistle than you do, when once you have your implements about you. I am much obliged always by the pains you take; for it requires energy in you to take to writing: your writing-materials do not, like mine, stand always on a table, ready for seizing!

Nor is this genuine sympathy, this fellow-feeling, this emptying of himself of his own interests, and filling himself up with the interests of others, manifested only in his letters to his wife and his mother. It is not less characteristic of his letters to many friends. There is no amanuensis to help him in his literary labors, and it must be remembered that his letter-writing often follows a long day at the desk, pen in hand. He is both a busy man and something of an invalid; yet neither his tasks nor his invalidism make him begrudge time given for counsel to those who have any reason for asking it of him. One would like to know how long was that letter of his to Thomas Ballentyne, only a part of which, apparently, is printed in this volume. This part must have occupied ten or twelve pages of letter-paper, and its closing sentences will give the reader a hint as to the spirit of the whole:

This is a much longer Letter than I counted on writing; but doubtless you read me with patience, and are certain at least that I mean to do you service if I could. At any time, if I can assist you in any way, it will give me true pleasure.

A tender and sympathetic bear, he is always a truthful one. He who is in the frequent receipt of presentation copies from authors, alone can realize the difficulties sometimes involved in writing an acknowledgment which is both courteous and truthful. Indeed, compliance with the text, "speaking the truth in love," is generally difficult. Speaking the truth is easy; speaking kind words is easy; but to speak the truth so that it shall be kindly is often a problem. We judge that Mr. Carlyle had never met Mr. Browning when he received from the latter the two volumes of his poems, one

"Sordello," the other "Pippa Passes." Admirers of Browning, if they are not bewitched admirers, will concede the justice of Carlyle's criticism in this letter, and recognize the value of it to the poet, as the poet, in a characteristic letter written forty-four years later, recognizes that value:

Chelsea, 21 June, 1841.

My dear Sir:

Many months ago you were kind enough to send me your "Sordello," and now this day I have been looking into your "Pippa Passes," for which also I am your debtor. If I have made no answer hitherto, it was surely not for want of interest in you, for want of esteem of you. Both Pieces have given rise to many reflections in me, not without friendly hopes and anxieties in due measure. Alas, it is so seldom that any word one can speak is not worse than a word still unspoken; seldom that one man by his speaking or his silence, can, in great vital interests, help another at all!

Unless I very greatly mistake, judging from these two works, you seem to possess a rare spiritual gift, poetical, pictorial, intellectual, by whatever name we may prefer calling it; to unfold which into articulate clearness is naturally the problem of problems for you. This noble endowment, it seems to me farther, you are *not* at present on the best way for unfolding; and if the world had loudly called itself content with these two Poems, my surmise is, the world could have rendered you no fatalter disservice than that same! Believe me, I speak with sincerity; and if I had not loved you well, I would not have spoken at all.

A long battle, I could guess, lies before you, full of toil and pain, and all sorts of real fighting: a man attains to nothing here below without that. Is it not verily the highest prize you fight for? Fight on; that is to say, follow truly, with steadfast singleness of purpose, with valiant humbleness and openness of heart, what best light you can attain to; following truly so, better and ever better light will rise on you. The light we ourselves gain, by our very errors, if not otherwise, is the only precious light. Victory, what I call victory, if well fought for, is sure to you.

If your own choice happened to point that way, I for one should hail it as a good omen that your next work were written in prose! Not that I deny you poetic faculty; far, very far from that. But unless poetic faculty means a higher power of common understanding, I know not what it means. One must first make a *true* intellectual representation of a thing, before any poetic interest that is true will supervene. All *cartoons* are geometrical withal, and cannot be made till we have fully learned to make mere *diagrams* well. It is this that I mean by prose:—which hint of mine, most probably inappli-

cable at present, may perhaps at some future day come usefully to mind.

But enough of this: why have I written all this? Because I esteem yours no common case, and think such a man is not to be treated in the common way.

And so persist, in God's name, as you best see and can; and understand always that my true prayer for you is, Good Speed in the name of God!

I would have called for you last year when I had a horse, and some twice rode thro' your suburb; but stupidly I had forgotten your address;—and you, you never came again hither! Believe me

Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

These letters indicate in Mr. Carlyle two other qualities with which he has not been ordinarily credited—modesty and piety. He has not been credited with modesty because he had strong convictions and was aggressive in expressing them; nor with piety, because his opinions were not orthodox, nor his expressions of piety conventional.

In a sense it may be true that a man who has great confidence in his convictions has great confidence in himself. Nevertheless, it may be that his confidence is primarily in himself, and his confident opinion rests thereupon, in which case he is self-satisfied; or it may be that his confidence is primarily in the truth which he thinks he sees, and which is to him an objective reality, and only secondarily in his vision of it, in which case he is not egotistical. Mr. Carlyle's confidence was of the latter type. His letters abound in expressions indicating self-distrust. The following sentences in a letter to his friend John Stirling seem to characterize his prevailing mood in all his preparation whether for the press or the lecture platform:

I sit down to write, there is not an idea discernible in the head of me; one dull cloud of pain and stupidity; it is only with an effort like swimming for life that I get begun to think at all. Nevertheless, the thing does go on, and shall by God's blessing go on till it is ended, or I am ended: other blessedness one cannot hope from it. My habitual conviction about the work is that it ought to be burnt, that it will never be worth a farthing to any man or woman. Yet I do not burn it; I go floundering along; hoping that the heavy hand of this Enchantment shall be got loosened from me (for it is really like a spell), and I be *free*, were it

only with no possession, beyond that of freedom, remaining now for me. Forward, therefore.

He has faith in his convictions and is determined to give them utterance, but this is not because he has confidence in himself, but because he has confidence in the inward voice which speaks to him; and when this inward voice speaks to another and runs counter to his own counsel, he counsels that other to follow the inward voice. So he writes to John Stirling:

A man can do nothing but prosecute faithfully the thing that his soul points to: let no counsel or cacklement of friends and Country Newspapers slacken him in that: these mean well, but they know not what they say!

And again, more explicitly, in responding apparently to the resolve of Stirling to publish a drama which Carlyle thinks unworthy of publication:

I also entirely respect your persistence in your own firm purpose in spite of all cavils of mine: what else can you persist in? The inward voice, if it be an *inward* one, and not some false echo of mere outer ones, is the prophetic voice of our whole soul and world saying to us, "There, in such a world, that is the thing that *thou* canst do!" All voices from without, and counter-monitions of other men, how prudent and well-meant soever, are in the end but impertinences in comparison. A man has to go, often enough, right in the teeth of all that; all that, often enough, is as the Gates of Gaza, which a right Samson, duly surveying the strength of them, and well considering himself, has to walk off with and carry away on his shoulders. Alas! we are sore hemmed in, all of us, and dwell imprisoned as in Polyphemus caverns, in *cases* of triple brass,—which we have to break or perish in trying to break!

This faith in the inward voice is a kind of Quaker faith, mystical, but real and masterful. It is faith in God, and in a God who dwells with men, a God who hears men's prayers and answers them. He writes pitifully to his mother respecting his invalid wife:

We have got a Doctor; a skilful sort of man, I think; the Stirlings' Doctor; he looks grave about it; says that at present there is no alarm, but that we must *take care*. You can fancy me sitting up to the neck among books and papers and hearing the sad cough on the other side of the wall! I pray daily and hourly that the bitter north wind would become south and gentle. I believe it would

set her up again for this time. It must come surely.

This faith nerves him to a kind of courage in his hours of despondency, and though he is always tempest-tossed, yet in the tempest gives him a kind of peace:

My mood of mind at present is not nearly so wretched. I am wae, very wae and sad, but entirely peaceable, and such sadness seems almost as good as joy. My heart's prayer is, Deliver me, ye Supreme Powers, from Self-conceit, oh do—and then what else is *your* will!

In this faith he commits his dear ones to the Father's keeping. "I commit you all," he writes to his mother, "to the Good Guardian, praying and wishing from the bottom of my heart that a blessing may be on you all." And no distress and no despondency is able entirely to despoil him of this faith:

What reason have I to thank a kind Providence that has led me so mercifully thus far! It is a changed time with me from what it was but a few years back; from what it had been all my life. My sore sufferings, poverty, sickness, obstruction, dis-

appointment, were sent me in kindness; angrily as I rebelled against them, they were all kind and good. My poor painful existence was not altogether in vain.—Everything goes very tolerably well with me here; I have a prospect of being able to live now with less misery from terror of want—that is the chief good I find in the thing they call "fame," the rest is worth little to me, little or even nothing. I should thank Heaven too that that was delayed till I had got gray hairs on my head, and could judge what the meaning of several things was.

But we must stop. Should we quote all that we have marked worthy of quotation from these letters, our article would transcend all legitimate limits. We fear that it has done so already. We hope, however, that these fragments may send some of our readers to the letters themselves, for through these letters the reader may, if he will, become acquainted with a great-hearted man, heroic, patient, loyal, tender, devout, though hiding all beneath a hirsute exterior. Nothing is better for any one than to come in contact with such a man and get the impulses to a larger life which fellowship with such men gives.

Transitional Eras¹

PASCAL'S remark, that the progress of the successive generations is to be thought of as the progress of one person who is ever gaining knowledge, expresses an idea that is fundamental in this study of the work of thought in the progressive evolution of opinion through the successive critical stages of transitional eras. It is a study marked by an eminently judicial temper, discriminating and cautious in its balance of point against point, in a discussion which often is of an abstract character that presumes a thorough knowledge of its field on the part of the reader.

Dr. Armstrong notes a family likeness in the transitional periods of thought. Their aspect is at first negative, symptoms of decadence appear, philosophy seems declining, and with it the foundations of morals and religion are involved.

Eclecticism is resorted to for relief, but the relief is a temporary compromise with difficulties that must be conquered. Dissatisfaction with negative conclusions inspires creative efforts, and what was feared as a limit becomes the threshold of a further advance.

Of past transitional eras Dr. Armstrong reviews three as typical: that of the Greek Sophists, the Reformation era, in the sixteenth century, and the *Aufklärung*, or Enlightenment era, in the eighteenth. From all these, especially from the latter two, unsettled questions remain which increase the difficulties of the new era of transition that Darwin's theory introduced. Yet in the perplexity and discontent of our time clear evidence appears of gain and advance. There is greater moral seriousness even among doubters and negative thinkers. Science is on the road to theism. Its conception of unity at the basis of the world reinforces the metaphysics of religion. Evolutionary

¹ *Transitional Eras in Thought: With Special Reference to the Present Age.* By A. C. Armstrong, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Wesleyan University. The Macmillan Company, New York.

principles, historical and biological as well as cosmical, mark out the lines of a great constructive movement, though much sifting out of erroneous conceptions remains to be done.

As a peculiar characteristic of the present era Dr. Armstrong notes the concentration of thought on social questions that has been promoted both by historical events and by intellectual development. There is a revolt against the existing social order, based as this is, more or less, on ideas now undermined. The views held even by the more moderate social philosophers are in part destructive. Yet a constructive work is manifest in the growth of the social spirit, in the quickening of ethical interest, and in the socializing of religion. Religion is being brought into closer touch with life and culture. On the one hand, secular thinking has helped to a better understanding of religion; again, solidarity and sociality have been discovered to be characteristic elements of divine revelation. The Church now faces the responsibility of making a closer contact of Christianity with the special needs and movements of our time.

Among the characteristics of a transitional era is the appeal to faith against intellectual difficulties, of which the

well-known works of Professor James, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Romanes are cited as specimens. Dr. Armstrong's chapter on this topic exhibits in a high degree what is conspicuous throughout his work—a careful analysis and balancing of opposing considerations. Recognizing the proneness of the appeal to faith to degenerate into proclivity to caprice, he finds a cogent ground for the legitimacy of its exercise, when rationally guarded, in "the central position of the ideal faculties in the organism of the mind," and in the trust that is to be put in the deliverances of spirit, "when they can be shown to be fundamental."

The work whose leading thoughts have now been summarized is noteworthy for broad views and deep insight, at once steadying judgment and stimulating confidence amid the confusion of the present time. Some of its impressive lessons are these: the inevitable lack of finality in all our thinking, the illusiveness of fancying, in view of some great advance, that the goal has been reached, the impermanence of many conclusions that are not conclusions, and especially the conception of thought as an organic process rather than merely logical or ratiocinative.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Authors' Year Book and Guide for 1904. By W. E. Price. "Press of the Rose Jar," New York City. 5×7½ in. 158 pages. \$1.

In addition to a list of some six hundred names of publishers and periodicals to which manuscripts may be offered for sale, this volume contains a variety of information about writing for magazines and newspapers, and essays on similar topics, original or selected. Among the titles of these essays are such suggestive ones as "Books Waiting to be Written," "The Preparation of Manuscript," "Short Story Writing as a Means of Livelihood," and "How to Succeed as a Novelist."

Decline of Land-Owning Farmers in England. By Henry C. Taylor, Ph.D. University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. 6½×9½ in. 66 pages. 25c.

Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 315 pages. \$1.20, net.

A fanciful story of adventure among the South American Indians and in the unexplored forests of Venezuela. The author seems to have a good deal of special knowledge of the country, and his narrative contains many singular incidents, as well as a romantic imaginative love story, the heroine of which is the last of a race of beautiful beings whose language is bird-like, and who possess other marvelous attributes.

History of the London Stage, 1576-1903. By H. B. Baker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated. 6×9 in. 546 pages. \$3, net.

Although there is an advantage in having in one volume a complete history of the English stage, the period covered is so long that

it has been impossible for the author to describe each period and the individual actors and actresses as fully as is sometimes desirable. For the same reason the book lacks illustrative anecdote and the quality of entertainment. With these exceptions, the author has done his work creditably, and apparently with great care and research. The book is handsomely printed, and it contains a few interesting portraits.

History of Military Government in Newly Acquired Territory of the United States. By David Y. Thomas, Ph.D. The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Co., Agents), New York. 6½×10 in. 330 pages.

Introductory History of England from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Middle Ages. By C. R. L. Fletcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 397 pages. \$2, net.

This history by an Oxford instructor is designed for boys, and is written, therefore, in a simple, popular style. It is far, however, from being written in childish language, and it will serve very well indeed as a readable book for those who are not looking for an elaborate work. Mr. Fletcher rightly holds that history should be an inheritance of childhood, and that every care, therefore, should be taken not to make it dull. He declares that his intention was "not to pour information into any one, still less to help any one to pass any examination," but rather to assist the young Englishman "to people the fields and lanes of his home with the figures of the past." He has been in large measure successful in presenting the story in a dramatic way, and in avoiding that excess of detail which repels the general reader.

Jewish State (A). By Theodor Herzl. The Maccabean Publishing Co., New York. 6×9 in. 102 pages.

As the starting-point of the movement known as Zionism, this monograph is of historic importance. This is emphasized in the introduction prefixed to it, which exhibits in detail the results that have already followed, with hopeful auguries for more to follow.

L'Éducation des Nègres aux États-Unis. By Kate Brousseau. Félix Alcan, Paris, France. 5½×9 in. 397 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Letter H (The). By Charles Felton Pidgin. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4¼×7¼ in. 316 pages. \$1.50.

A hysterical novel with a beautiful heroine afflicted with a mysterious "curse" resulting from pre-natal influences. The "curse" causes endless trouble for all concerned, but when it is finally lifted the characters pair off happily and the curtain falls.

Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker (The). By John Strange Winter. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 299 pages. \$1, net.

An uninteresting account of a middle-class English family who say and do nothing to lift them out of the commonplace.

Marcus, the Young Centurion. By G. Mandeville Fenn. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated. 6×8 in. 392 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Fenn is a successful, though sometimes

a rather sensational, writer of boys' books. The present story is apparently intended for both young people and older readers, and aims to depict the actual life of a young Roman soldier in training and in war. At times there is an oddly incongruous intermingling of modern slang with archaic terms.

Pluck: A Faithful Narrative of the Fortunes of a Little "Greenhorn" in America. By George Grimm. Germania Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Illustrated. 5½×8 in. 284 pages. \$1.

Promoters (The). By William Hawley Smith. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages.

Two promoters have a scheme for turning the earth bottom side up, by means of grouping a large number of heavy guns in one place and firing them rapidly and continuously, the recoil doing the work. When the earth was turned part way over, and as a result every spot on its surface moved to some other latitude, and its climate completely changed, they proposed to make fortunes out of the resulting real estate transactions, with a little blackmail. Their "promotion" of the company progressed beautifully till, in planning to buy a legislature, they ran against an honest politician, who effectively blocked their schemes.

Scientific Aspects of Mormonism. By Nels L. Nelson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 347 pages. \$1.75, net.

It is rather attractive to the curious to find under this title a defense of Mormonism. We were not aware that it presented any scientific aspects except in psycho-pathology and sociology. Nor does this volume materially correct such an opinion, for it is mainly concerned with Mormon theology. The varieties of religious belief all spring, as Professor Nelson admits at the outset, from various conceptions of God; and the Mormon conception is his starting-point. The difficulty of conceiving how pure spirit can create a universe constrains the Mormon to reject the idea of God as being any other than a perfected man. "The supreme aphorism of Mormonism" is, "As man is, God once was; as God is, man may become." There is admitted to be an "infinite and eternal energy whence all things proceed," but this is "Godhood, not God, a mere static or potential power," until incarnated in "a psychic being," such as man. The generation of such a being, capable of development into competency to exercise all of the before dormant powers of Deity, is, of course, as much of a poser as the mystery for which it is substituted—cosmic creation by pure Spirit. The ascent of man to Godhood in the course of psychic evolution in this and the future life is through the functions of priesthood, of which "all male members of the Church in good standing hold some degree;" for women no such stepping-stone appears to be provided. This will perhaps come out in a following volume on the "Social Aspects of Mormonism," in which the author promises to give us a better understanding of the "relatively

insignificant feature" known as "plural marriage."

Sibyl: Birthday and Memorandum Book, with a History of the Name. (Miniature Name Books.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 2×2½ in. 40c.

This tiny volume is one of a series, each of which bears on its cover a Christian name and contains a history of that name. Beyond this, the little volume is a birthday and memorandum book. The idea seems to be a novel one, and no doubt the books will be popular for birthday and holiday presents.

Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. By Edward Pinnington. Illustrated. (The Makers of British Art Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×7½ in. 275 pages. \$1.25.

An interesting addition to an admirable series of artist biographies. It is illustrated with many excellent reproductions of Raeburn's best portraits.

Studies in the Religion of Israel. By the Rev. L. A. Pooler. A. S. Gorham, New York. 6×8 in. 274 pages. \$1.50, net.

These studies are for the general reader, and popularize the results of the higher criticism on which scholars are substantially agreed. It is a book which those who are fearful lest criticism should impair belief in the inspiration of the Bible may read with profit and reassurance. As presenting a luminous view of the development of religion, from stage to stage, during the period covered by the Old Testament, it can hardly fail to be helpful to teachers, and to those preachers also who want more light.

Wall Street and the Country: A Study of Recent Financial Tendencies. By Charles A. Conant. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 247 pages. \$1.25.

World Destroyer (The). By Horace Mann. The Lucas-Lincoln Co., Washington, D.C. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. \$1.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Suggestions for Improving the Saloons

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Much has been said, and probably will be said, concerning the action of Bishop Potter in participating in the opening "services" of what is known as the "Subway Tavern" at Bleecker and Elm Streets. The impression with many, perhaps most people, has been that this "Tavern" was on a level with and entered from the subway. Any visitor, however, will find it located at the southeast corner of the streets named. It occupies the main or street floor of the building, and differs little from the ordinary saloon except that next the entrance it has a soda fountain much like those found in the ordinary drug-store. In addition to soda water, beer is also drawn from this fountain.

Adverse criticisms have been poured out to the public in a steady stream. Hundreds of denunciations have come from ministers, one hastily characterizing the offender as a "Judas Iscariot," and another, with shallow effort at wit, has suggested that the Bishop exchange his clerical robes for the apron of a barkeeper. Authors of such criticism forget that Bishop Potter is an earnest, broad-minded man, of great experience, close observation, and the highest order of ability, also that he stands for everything good in the line of human progress. Let people form their own opinions as to whether his zeal was or was not greater than his discretion. Be that as it may, I admire his boldness and independence, for no one knew better than he what a storm of denunciation would come upon him. Very few will

question the perfect uprightness of his motives.

If we must have the saloons, as many believe, let everything possible be done to improve their conditions. I believe that there are good men in the liquor business, and these men would welcome and co-operate in all reasonable efforts toward improving the liquor traffic. Prohibitive laws have invariably failed, and no betterment is likely to result from unsystematic fanaticism like that of Mrs. Nation.

What would The Outlook think of these suggestions?

First. Encourage and aid the better men in the liquor business to form an association for the purpose of improving the conditions of their trade. The object of this association should be to reduce to a minimum the evils that cannot be eradicated.

Second. Let this association co-operate as far as possible with temperance societies, if it can, and certainly with men who are laboring so zealously for the passage of National pure food laws, to the end that the manufacture and sale of liquors shall be under close governmental regulation.

Third. Provide that low grades of liquors should neither be manufactured nor sold in this country, and attach severe penalties and forfeitures for violation or evasion of provisions for regulating such manufacture and sale. Make the class of liquor known as "rotgut" absolutely unobtainable.

Fourth. Provide that all places where intoxicants are sold shall be open to public view. No *inside* sample-rooms or bar-rooms; large window areas with no screens or out-

of-view corners, and, above all, no inner rooms, stalls, or boxes.

Fifth. Let there be at least two classes of saloons or drinking-places—both properly licensed. In one might be sold ales, porter, beer, and wines containing but a small percentage of alcohol. In this class tables and chairs might be allowed. In the other class, all kinds of standard liquors could be sold, but neither chair, bench, nor table should be allowed.

Sixth. Forbid the sale or delivery of any kind of liquor to minors.

These are only suggestions of principal points, to which necessary details should be added.

Let people who are disposed to say that what I have written is impractical turn to the confectioners and see what they have quietly accomplished. A few years ago much of the confectionery made and sold in this country was adulterated with terra alba, or white earth. Sugar was then worth about ten cents per pound; and terra alba was sold at about one-half of a cent per pound. Unscrupulous and reckless men used it freely, and other manufacturers of weak moral sinew said they "had to" use it. I well remember one old confectioner who was a Sunday-school superintendent and stood well generally as an honest and respected man, who used openly to admit that he used terra alba because he "had to." Manufacturers who were determinedly opposed to the use of this adulterant were almost in despair; but about twenty years ago they got together and formed the "National Confectioners' Association," the chief object of which was to stamp out the use of adulterants and injurious coloring matter from confectionery. At that time some of the States had ambiguous and uncertain laws on the subject of food adulteration, but little or no attention was paid to them. Other States had no laws whatever bearing on the subject. Against these conditions the Association began earnest work. It first offered to prosecute users of terra alba under existing conditions wherever that was practicable. Next, it had prepared a suitable and proper law to meet the case, and by persistent effort secured the passage of this law in the Legislatures of all the States.

The result has been that the use of adulterants in confectionery has been stamped out. This the confectioners have accomplished by themselves, and, moreover, to-day the "National Confectioners' Association," continuing its efforts for good, is a powerful aid and supporter of those who are working in Congress for the passage of a "National Pure Food" bill which will protect the whole country against the fraud of adulterated foods of every description.

If the better men of the liquor trade would form themselves into an association for bettering the conditions of their business, and could be aided by the efforts of such reformers as Bishop Potter and other earnest men,

I believe that the traffic might be rationally controlled and that a condition of great improvement might be established and maintained.

JOHN S. HAWLEY.

Yonkers, New York.

Not to be Taken Seriously

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Reading the communication which called forth the comment of July 16, on the "Negro and his Creator," I was amazed that the editor of *The Outlook* should take it as reflecting the real views of any person at this day. The writer is perhaps a practical joker, but a hint at another interpretation could, perhaps, be gathered by an alienist, from the tenor and structure of the letter.

I have lived most of my life in different parts of the South, both in city and country. When a boy I used to hear echoes of a tradition to the effect that, in slave times, some persons said negroes were soulless. I have never come in contact with such a person, and the suggestion, if now made, would merely provoke a smile.

THOMAS A. STREET.

Northport, New York.

A Plea for Sick Children

No more merciful work is done in a great city than that of caring for the sick children of the poor. St. Mary's Hospital for Children in New York City is doing this work. But the children whose diseases have been conquered in the hospital have to make way for other children before they are really restored to normal strength. Others who have been in the wards for months with lingering diseases require a change from the monotony of the hospital. Others need to have their constitutions reinforced for the shock of an operation. And still others, brought to the out-patient department from tenement-house homes, need nothing so much as fresh air and good food. St. Mary's Hospital, therefore, maintains a summer hospital at Norwalk, Connecticut. In that hospital there are eighty children. Every bed has been occupied. And yet, because the funds at the disposal of the hospital do not admit of being used for the summer hospital, these children are in peril of being sent home to the heated city, and others are in peril of being denied the opportunity for recuperation. The sum that would mean the restoration of strength to these small lives is absurdly small; but five hundred dollars is imperatively needed. Contributions sent to St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, 407 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, and designated for the use of the Summer Hospital, or, as it is otherwise called, the Fresh Air Fund, will, if accompanied with name and address, be acknowledged direct or in the Annual Report. Although clothes, linen, toys, and even fresh fruits or vegetables are accepted, money is indispensable if this beneficent charity is not to be curtailed.



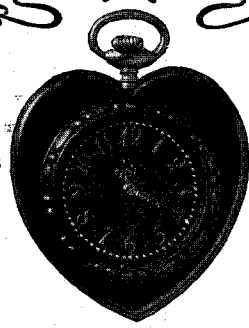
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TEACHERS, Principals, Governesses—immediate vacancies and for September. Fall orders being received. Communicate now in time for Fall positions. Schermhorn Teachers' Agency, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

TEACHERS and governesses wanted for fall vacancies. Write now. Dixon Educational Bureau, 1420 Chestnut, Philadelphia.

LADY offers refined home near London to one or two lady paying guests, or to not more than three young ladies desirous of completing their education in England. No. 2,331, The Outlook.

BOARDERS wanted.—New house, first-class in every respect. Near White Mountains. Beautiful drives. Mountain Grove House, North Bethel, Maine.

YOUNG college woman, experienced teacher, desires opportunity to travel for the winter as tutor or companion. No. 3,083, The Outlook.

POSITION wanted by an educated, refined American lady as companion to lady. References. Address "B," P. O. Box 35, Southport, Conn.

BOARD, 234 West 44th St., New York City. Small and large rooms, well furnished. Table excellent. Transients taken.

EXPORTER desires partner for life business. Must command \$15,000, and ability to manage office. Apply by letter giving references. Exporter, Room 906, 253 Broadway, N. Y. City.

WANTED—A Protestant woman under 45 years of age to take charge of a nursery connected with an Orphan Home. A practical experience with children under five years of age necessary. Address immediately, with references, Mrs. J. S. Clark, 566 Scotland St., Orange, N. J.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper, companion, or invalid attendant by trustworthy woman of education and refinement, thoroughly competent. Age thirty-nine (39). Satisfactory references. Address No. 3,111, The Outlook.

WORLD'S Fair. Post up in advance by buying Official Guide Co.'s Guide Book. 200 pages, fully illustrated. 30 cts. net, postpaid. We also offer best city guide, same size and price; or both for 55 cts., postpaid. Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1516 Locust St., St. Louis.

EXPERIENCED, successful teacher and supervisor in mixed school desires position in boys' school. Miss E., Lakewood, Chautauqua Co., New York.

BOOKKEEPER, stenographer, and typewriter, experienced in office work and as teacher, employed from nine to four, desires work at home balance of day. No. 3,299, The Outlook.

WANTED—Position as teacher of English, history, or mathematics. Experienced; university graduate. T. O. Ramsey, Revere, Mo.

WANTED—A matron for St. John's Church House, Stamford, Conn. Address, giving references, Rev. C. M. Addison, Fitchburg, Mass.

EXPERIENCED Parisian instructress will exchange tuition for home accommodations. Advanced pupils or beginners. School preferred. Highest testimonials. No. 3,309, The Outlook.

WANTED—Small, refined family to live with physician, bachelor. Terms liberal. Within 20 miles of New York. No. 3,311, The Outlook.

AMERICAN lady of thirty-three desires position as companion. Experienced; generally capable. Object, home, for winter or travel. S. H. Southworth, Fishers Island, N. Y.

COMPANION and nurse, five years' experience, desires new position. Address No. 3,181, The Outlook.

WANTED—Position by young lady, college graduate, as companion, secretary, or governess. References. Box 3, Bronxville, N. Y.

WANTED—September 1st, a rapid and thoroughly competent woman stenographer and typewriter, college graduate. Good prospect of advancement. Apply, stating experience and giving references, to Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Penna.

NEW YORK, N. Y., 243 West 56th St. Mrs. William E. Van Name will reopen her home October 1st for young ladies studying art or music.

SHOPPING—Samples sent. Orders filled promptly. Suits and hats to order. Highest references. M. W. Wightman & Co., 44 West 22d St., New York.

TEACHERS and Clergymen wanted, to send for circulars; see Maine Education Department. Herbert L. Wilbur, Oakland, Maine.

WANTED—By middle-aged lady (American), position of companion to a lady. City or country. Terms reasonable. Highest reference; Boston or Ottawa. Address Miss McHenry, care Mr. Wm. Smith, Sec'y P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Can.

ADVANTAGES of refined Christian home with mother's care can be obtained in Winter Park, Florida, for young girl. English, French, German, music. References. Address Mrs. Peek, Box 34, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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YOUNG man student in New York desires position as organist to mixed choir near the city. First-class references. Address Box 525, Frankfort, N. Y.

DAINTY, matted water-colors, 75c. Infants' embroidered kimonos, \$2. No. 3,253, The Outlook.

WANTED—Assistance to introduce manual training, and collect a library for a worthy charity. Address No. 3,273, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Middle-aged woman seeks engagement. Would prefer school or institution; six years in last position. References. No. 3,271, The Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires position as chaperon to young girl, or companion to elderly lady. New York City preferred. References exchanged. No. 3,269, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires a position in the domestic science department of an institute. No. 3,313, The Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires engagement, private family or school. Educated abroad. Eight years' experience, teaching French, German, English branches. Highest references. Miss Hélène Erni, Westchester, New York.

TEACHER of experience and tact wishes a position in a school or institution as assistant to principal, chaperon, or matron. No. 3,303, The Outlook.

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BRYN Mawr graduate, aged 33, would go abroad without salary as chaperon or companion. No. 3,277, The Outlook.

TYPEWRITING—Neat, accurate, prompt. E. M. Hastings, Lacona, N. Y.

WANTED—An educated Protestant Christian lady to take charge of house in Allegheny City, Pa., for widower with three small children. A comfortable though not luxurious home in a pleasant part of the city and a permanent position is open for the right person. References required and exchanged. Address Mrs. R. C. Barris, 316 Marshall Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

COLORADO—Young man, student in college or academy, received in professor's home, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo. Address No. 3,283, The Outlook.

TOURS—\$1,200 for six months in Europe. Party sailing in November under direction of Smith graduate and experienced traveler. Address No. 3,285, The Outlook.

TEACHER with nine (9) years' experience in mathematical department of large Eastern university desires position. Preferably in university or college. References. No. 3,287, The Outlook.

YOUNG woman, college graduate, wants position as companion. Well-bred and cultured, and desirous of making a home for some lonely woman. No. 3,289, The Outlook.

WANTED—In West Virginia, mother's helper for four children. Must be refined, neat, good needlewoman. September. No. 3,291, The Outlook.

SMITH College graduate desires position where experience in library and book cataloging, card indexing, stenography, and typewriting would be valuable. No. 3,293, The Outlook.

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FRENCH or Swiss governess to take charge of 2 little girls 3 and 5½ years; must be well recommended and thoroughly experienced in physical care of young children. Some knowledge of music. Protestant preferred. Salary \$30. Address Box 175, Lake Forest, Ill.

AN educated, cultured woman, experienced traveler, desires to chaperon young ladies abroad for study Sept. 1st. References exchanged. No. 3,339, The Outlook.

WANTED—By experienced stenographer, permanent position. Miss MacDonald, 160 West 133d St., New York.

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LADY, stenographer, typewriter, and pianist, former pupil of Boston Conservatory of Music, desires position as private secretary and companion. New York and Boston references. Stenographer, 130 Mason St., Greenwich, Conn.

COLUMBIA University Heights, New York. Private family will let nice, light, heated room to one or two refined persons. Board optional. No. 3,225, The Outlook.